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PETRARCH: HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND WORKS.

PART I.

"Voi ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
Di quei sospiri ond' io nudriva il core
In sul mio primo giovenile errore
Quand' era in parte altr' uom da quel ch' i'
sono;

Del vario stile in ch' io piango e ragiono
Fra le vane speranze e 'l van dolore,
Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,
Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono.
Ma ben vegg' or sì come al popol tutto
Favola fui gran tempo: onde sovente
Di me medesimo meco mi vergogno:
E del mio vaneggiar vergogna è 'l frutto
E 'l pentirsi e 'l conoscer chiaramente
Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno."
(*Le Rime di Francesco Petrarca*, Sonn. i. Part I.)

PERHAPS the attempt to compress so interesting a subject as the life and writings of Petrarch into a brief notice of a few pages may at first sight seem presumptuous; more especially when we consider that for the last five centuries there has been no lack of biographies of so remarkable a man. It would add another page to this essay merely to mention their names, and it would take many to enter into any details respecting them. Still, as the writer is more or less indebted for information to their labours, it is only right to mention, as briefly as possible, some of the most celebrated biographies of Petrarch. The Abbé de Sade divides them into five classes:—those who were his contemporaries and began to write before or immediately after his death. The first of these, and the earliest known, is Domenico Aretino. He was invited to

Padua, by Francesco da Carrara, at the time when Petrarch, having attained his seventieth year, was living there. Domenico, notwithstanding the direct encouragement which he received from the poet himself, has only left us a short sketch of his life. Coluccio Salutati and Pietro Paolo Vergerio also wrote their biographies at this time, but their enthusiasm for the great genius who had just ceased to exist led them to fill up their pages with vague and indiscriminate praise, neglecting to investigate closely his life and history. They contented themselves with merely copying Petrarch's own "Epistle to Posterity," which source of information has been the natural refuge of all his biographers in every century. It is a curious autobiographical sketch, related with ingenuous candour, dwelling more upon the motives which influenced his actions than upon the actions themselves, and describing with unaffected simplicity his abilities, his feelings, and even his personal appearance.

The fame of Petrarch was at its height at the time of his death. It declined in the fifteenth century. The accomplished Latin and Greek scholars which this age produced set themselves the task of commentating upon the works of Petrarch. They despised his Latin style, and thus the depreciation of his works in that language may have helped to involve the famous Canzoniere in a similar fate. "The fourteenth century,"

observes Crescimbeni, "we have rightly called an evil century, on account of the cruel maiming of the Italian language by the critics of that time." The third order of biographers was headed by Lorenzo de' Medici, and to it Vellutello, Gesualdo, and Beccadelli also belonged. The coldness and indifference of the preceding century were now exchanged for the greatest enthusiasm. Editions of Petrarch were multiplied, Academies formed for the purpose of explaining his works, and the critics of this age would acknowledge no defect in him nor any excellence to exist in a style different from his. But at the beginning of the seventeenth century the fame of the poet was again destined to receive a rude shock. It was at the hands of a certain Giovanni Battista Marina, who, while his own writings were filled with fantastical allegories and extravagant metaphors, cast ridicule upon the simple natural beauties of the poetry of Petrarch. Unfortunately he had only too many followers. Petrarch was despised and neglected, his works ceased to be printed, and were scarcely read, while his biographers dwindled down to a very small number, although Filippo Tomasini published his "*Petrarcha Redivivus*," and Tassoni critical remarks and observations upon his poems. The historians of the eighteenth century—the age when history, and especially the history of literature, was well written—may be placed in the fifth and last class. Among these are Muratori and, to mention no other names, the Abbé de Sade. His book, bearing the modest title of "*Mémoires pour la Vie de Pétrarque*," has ever since its publication in 1764 been the inexhaustible reservoir whence the greater part of the information of subsequent biographers has been drawn. The value of this work is especially enhanced by one circumstance, viz. that of the author having finally decided the question concerning the family and history of Laura, as to which he has succeeded in bringing forward such satisfactory proofs that there scarcely remains room for any further doubt upon the subject. This is admitted by

Tiraboschi,¹ while, to justify his countrymen for not having made the discovery before, he ascribes the success of the Abbé to the free access which, as a descendant, he had to all the archives of the House of Sade; that is to say, of Laura's husband. Many writers also, not only of his own nation, such as Tiraboschi, Maffei, Bardelli, Alfieri, and Professor Marsand of Padua—who collected a "*Biblioteca Petrarquesca*," consisting of 900 volumes illustrative of his history—but of other nations besides have since written upon Petrarch, and the subject has been fully treated by Ginguéné in his "*Histoire Littéraire de l'Italie*."

The very fact of so much information having been gathered together concerning him is almost enough to discourage from the study of Petrarch those who have not much leisure time at their disposal. The design, therefore, of this essay is not to add to the number of biographies which already exist, but to endeavour to call attention to the more remarkable events of his life, to the critical nature of the times in which he lived, and to the twofold influence, political and literary, which he exercised over his country.

Before we consider the peculiar aspect presented by the romantic side of Petrarch's existence, it is well to cast a brief glance over the times and circumstances of his country at the time of his birth.

The Italian Republics, which had for a long period of years been a prey to the violence of faction and the horrors of anarchy, now sought to unite the discordant wills of their citizens and to defend themselves from the attacks of their enemies. Some thought the welfare of the State was best provided for by giving full power to some one powerful individual, who, uniting his own forces with the collected strength of the "*Comune*," would have sufficient power at once to repress factions within and repel hostilities from without. These chiefs were always chosen, either by

¹ Preface to vol. v. of "*Storia della Letteratura Italiana*."

force of arms or by the vote of the citizens, out of the most illustrious families, and by degrees they obtained complete possession of the cities which had elected them. Thus, at the beginning of the fourteenth century the Visconti ruled over turbulent Milan, the Scaligeri governed Verona, the Carraresi Padua, the Estensi Ferrara, the Bonacossi Mantua, &c. &c. The Medici had not yet begun to rule over Florence, which was, in common with many other of the Italian cities, torn in pieces by the feuds of the Bianchi and Neri.

Meanwhile the Pontiffs, unmoved, beheld from afar the discords and tumults by which Italy was agitated. Bertrand the Goth, Archbishop of Bourdeaux, had, chiefly through the influence of Philip IV. of France, been elected Pope under the name of Clement V.; and the new Pontiff, out of gratitude to the French king, transferred the Papal See and Court to Avignon, to the detriment both of Rome and Italy. "Thus," says Muratori,¹ "did the Apostolical See pass into France, and remain there seventy years in captivity, like the captivity of Babylon, because of its slavish subservience to the whims of the kings of France."

At the beginning, then, of a century which augured most unfavourably for the future of his country, Petrarch was born "at Arezzo, July 20, 1304, on Monday, at the dawn of day, of honest parents, Florentines by birth, although exiled from their native city, of moderate fortunes, inclined, to speak the truth, to poverty." So Petrarch himself describes the fact in his "Epistle to Posterity." His father, called Petraccolo on account of the smallness of his stature, and his mother, "Eletta Canigiani," had been banished from Florence in 1302. It was the year also of Dante's exile, and together with him they had retired to Arezzo, whence on July 20, 1304, Petraccolo and Dante, with the other exiled Bianchi, made a night attack upon Florence, hoping to re-enter their native city by force. Thus the circumstances of Petrarch's birth are in

accordance with the condition of his country and times, while they offer a curious contrast to the functions of a peacemaker universally assigned to him during the later years of his life. His early years were passed first at Incisa, in the Val d'Arno. Thence his parents moved to Pisa, where his father anxiously awaited the arrival of Henry VII., Emperor of Germany (the "Arrigo" for whom Dante prepares such an exalted throne in his "Paradiso"¹), to restore the Ghibelline party at Florence. But the hopes of his party being crushed by the death of this prince, he fled to the Papal Court at Avignon, which soon became the refuge for exiled Italians.

During his father's lifetime Petrarch was compelled, sorely against the grain, to study the law, which in those times was considered the only road to honours and preferment. These studies were pursued at Carpentras, at Montpellier University, and finally at Bologna, then the great school of canon law. His progress, however, in this branch of learning was materially hindered by his early enthusiasm for the classics. His father was at first proud of his son's proficiency in this line, and encouraged his classical taste; but when he discovered how much it interfered with his more important legal studies, he threw into the fire all the copies of the classics which Petrarch possessed, till at length, moved by the tears and entreaties of his son, he withdrew from the flames one copy of Cicero and one of Virgil, which he allowed him to keep.

In 1326, the sudden death of his father summoned Petrarch from Bologna to Avignon, and at the age of twenty-two he found himself at liberty to abandon those legal studies which had always been so distasteful to him. He is, notwithstanding, anxious to explain that the antiquity of the laws, their authority and force, had not been without attraction for him; "yet," he adds, "their application had been so much marred and depraved by the worldliness of mankind, that it distressed him to

¹ Ann. d'Italia, ann. 1305.

¹ Par. xxx. 135.

learn them, because he would have scorned to make a dishonest use of them, and an honest use it would have been very difficult to make, as his integrity would have been attributed to ignorance."¹ The death of Petrarch's father was succeeded in a few months by that of his mother. She died at the early age of thirty-eight, and the fact is curiously preserved from oblivion by the number of verses which Petrarch wrote in honour of her memory, corresponding exactly with the number of her years. And now Petrarch was to begin his life in Avignon.

"Beside the banks of that river perpetually swept by the winds of heaven I spent my childhood, under the yoke of parental authority, and all my youth subject to another yoke, that of my own passions,"² he tells us himself, and the description of the river is borne out by the old proverb: "*Avenio ventosa, sine vento venenosa, cum vento fastidiosa.*" The lofty walls of this curious city, which, built by Clement VI., the fourth Avignonese Pope, frown over the left bank of the Rhone; the early Romanesque architecture of its small but very peculiar church; and the tombs of its various Popes, still attract the traveller who loves to have the past recalled to him, and to linger over the outward expression of its history. It is a strange fact that Petrarch was never able to tear himself for any length of time from a place which is nevertheless the object of his detestation.

"As for me, the abhorrence that I feel for this city is so great that nothing can increase it." (*Lib. xx. Lett. 14.*)

"O my friends, who dwell in the most wicked of all cities." (*Ib. Lett. 9.*)

"The Rhone swallows up all the honours which should belong to the Tiber; and alas! what monsters are to be seen upon her banks!" (*Lib. i. Lett. 36.*)

"I came on purpose to this most hateful of cities." (*Ib. Lett. 13.*)

"How sorely against the grain am I compelled to remain beside the banks of the impetuous Rhone, and to sojourn in this most ungrateful city." (*Lib. xiv. Lett. 7.*)

"It (*Valchiusa*) is too near to this Western Babylon, the worst of all the habitations of men, and but little better than the infernal regions from whence, with fear and loathing, I naturally seek to escape." (*Lib. xi. Lett. 6.*)

Besides these passages from his letters, there are three famous sonnets¹ against the Court of Rome established at Avignon, and the first of these is directed against the city itself:—

"May fire from heaven fall upon thy head,
O wicked Court! Thy former frugal fare
Is now exchanged for luxury and pride,
The spoils of others whom thou hast oppressed
With evil deeds which are thy sole delight.
O nest of treachery! in which is nursed
Whatever wickedness o'erspreads the world,"
 &c. &c.

Various attempts have been made to explain the abhorrence thus so strongly expressed. One is that Avignon was connected, in Petrarch's mind, with the death of Laura. It is observed that the maledictions against the city date only from 1348, the year in which Laura died of the plague at Avignon. But this would seem to be hardly sufficient ground for so specific and continued a condemnation; and probably a strong sense of the vices which corrupted the Papal Court then established at Avignon, to say the least, contributed largely to inspire the loathing which his language has so fiercely expressed.

Petrarch and his brother Gherardo, the only two children of Petraccolo and his wife, found themselves at the death of their parents in very narrow circumstances. The executors of the will had betrayed their trust and seized most of the property, and when the two brothers had collected what little remained to them of their inheritance, they found it absolutely necessary to embrace some profession as a means of livelihood. Imagining that at Avignon, the seat of Papal power and patronage, a means of subsistence would be most easily ob-

¹ Sonnets xiv., xv., xvi., Part IV. As there are scarcely two editions of Petrarch which are numbered alike, it is necessary to state that the references to the *Canzoniere* quoted in this paper are taken from the edition published by Bârbère at Florence, 1863.

¹ Epist. ad Post.

² *Ibid.*

tained, he and his brother submitted to the tonsure. They did not take holy orders, and in those days of laxity nothing further than the tonsure was required in order to obtain the highest ecclesiastical preferment. But Petrarch had no desire for riches. "Such is the nature of riches," he says, "that as they increase the thirst for them increases also, and consequently the more room is there for poverty."¹

John XXII. had succeeded Clement V. in the Papal chair. The corruption of his court was imitated by the town; but in the midst of the general depravity which surrounded him, Petrarch remained uncontaminated. He was strikingly handsome when, at the age of twenty-two, he began life at Avignon: according to some biographers, he was vain of his personal appearance, but this failing lasted only a little while, and he was never tempted by frivolities to neglect his mental improvement.

Being now free to choose his own employment, he returned to his favourite study of the classics, which he pursued in peaceful content, his only anxiety caused by the extent of the vast field of knowledge which lay open before him, and which seemed to stretch to an immeasurable distance the further he advanced into it. He was universally courted by the rich and sought after by the learned, and it was at this time that he renewed the intimacy which he had formed at Bologna with Giacomo Colonna, one of that noble and ancient family whose well-known rivalries with the family of the Ursini make an essential part of the history of modern Rome. The first of the Colonna family in fame and spirit was Stefano, the father of Giacomo, whom Petrarch esteemed as a hero worthy of ancient Rome. In his distress, when his estates were confiscated and himself and his family banished, he was not an object of pity but of reverence. It is said that on being asked, "Where is now your fortress?" he laid his hand on his heart and said, "Here." Doubtless this answer was present to Petrarch's mind

¹ Epist. ad Post.

when he addressed to him the sonnet "*Gloriosa Colonna, in cui s'appoggia nostra speranza*,"¹ and others.

This year (1327) may be looked upon as the close of the first period of Petrarch's life. A new era was about to open upon him. The independence and pleasures of youth were now before him, with apparent liberty to choose whatever career he preferred; but in the next year the whole aspect of his existence was changed by an accident which impressed a peculiar stamp upon his life, and without which, perhaps, he would never have obtained the fame of a great poet, whatever other celebrity he might have achieved as an orator, a philosopher, or a patriot.

Inside the cover of Petrarch's own copy of Virgil, which is now to be seen in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, we read the inscription to which so much importance has been attached by all his historians. The original is in Latin.

"Laura, illustrious for her own virtues, and long celebrated by my verses, first appeared to my eyes at the time of my early youth, in the year of our Lord 1327, in the morning of the 6th day of April, in the church of Santa Chiara at Avignon. And in the same city, the same month, the same sixth day of April, the same first hour of dawn, but in the year 1348, from this light of day that light was taken away, when I, alas! was in Verona, ignorant of my fate. But the unhappy rumour reached me at Parma the same year, in the month of May, on the morning of the tenth. Her most chaste and fair body was laid in the burying-place of the church of the Cordeliers at vespers on the day of her death; but her soul, I am persuaded, as Seneca said of Scipio Africanus, returned to heaven whence it came."

Some may think this simple and touching inscription a more remarkable tribute to Laura than all the sonnets which have immortalized her name. At all events it strikes the very key-note of Petrarch's future life. It reveals the source of that stream of beautiful ideas

¹ Sonnets ii. xi. Part IV.

which, though still the same, flows on in ever-varying metaphors. All readers of Italian poetry have some acquaintance with his Sonnets and Elegies, with what his countrymen have called the "Canzoniere," and the names of Petrarch and Laura have become inseparable in life and death. No one can visit that Valchiusa which he immortalized without recalling the long period of years which Petrarch suffered to be filled by one absorbing thought, one hopeless passion. The question always arises as to whether his life was wasted; but, on the contrary, to us it seems as if the very fact of this all-absorbing interest made the life of Petrarch an exception to the general rule applicable to the lives of learned men. Whereas the romantic and poetical sides of Petrarch's character are so intertwined that it is difficult, almost impossible, to examine them separately, let us begin by considering the lady who inspired so fervent an attachment that it has become a matter of history.

Who was Laura?

There appear to have been three theories respecting her.

1. That she was not a person at all, but an allegorical representation of Fame, her name Laura signifying "the laurel wreath." But this is at once demolished by Petrarch's own letter to Giacomo Colonna.¹

This theory is to be traced to the pedants of the sixteenth century, who with heavy prolixity poured forth their admiration by commentaries upon every word of every sonnet. They sought to extract a hidden meaning from the simplest language, to spiritualize his meaning, as they supposed; and the paradox of denying the reality of Laura's existence was one result of these refinements.

2. That she was the daughter of Henri Chiabau d'Ancezume, Seigneur de Cabrières, a little village about three miles from Vaucluse (Valchiusa). It was the custom of the inhabitants of Cabrières to make a pilgrimage every Good Friday to visit the relics of St.

Véran, which are kept in the church of St. Véran at Vaucluse. Laura, according to this custom, went there also, for the same purpose. Petrarch saw her in the church, was struck by her beauty, and from that day never ceased to love her. This theory, first started by Velutello, has no foundation except some misunderstood verses of Petrarch, and it is contradicted by other much clearer passages. It was, however, believed for some time in Italy; and although it has been entirely overthrown, there are some people who still give it credit: witness the pamphlet published in 1869 by Louis de Bondelon, called "*Vaucluse et ses Souvenirs*," which is thrust into the hands of travellers who visit Avignon and Vaucluse. It contains merely Velutello's theory slightly amplified, with the addition of a good deal of French vehemence. But the best refutation is to point out the grounds for belief on which the third theory is founded.

3. That she was Laure de Noves, the daughter of Audibert and Ermesende de Noves. The House of Noves, which is of great antiquity, takes its name from the village of Noves, situated about a mile from Avignon. At the age of eighteen she married Hugues de Sade, on January 16th, 1325. Two years afterwards, on April 6th, 1327, at the first hour, that is to say towards six in the morning (for it was then the custom to count the hours from the dawn), Petrarch saw her in the church of Santa Chiara at Avignon, whither he had gone to pay his morning's devotions. She was dressed in green, and her gown was besprinkled with violets:—

"Negli occhi ho pur le violette, e 'l verde,
Di ch' era nel principio di mia guerra
Amor armato sì, ch' ancor mi sforza."¹

Her countenance and her aspect surpassed all human beauty:—

"Pensando nel bel viso più che umano."
(Canz. xii. Part I.)

Her manner and carriage had a proud grace:—

"Il leggiadro portamento altero."
(Sonn. i. Part II.)

¹ Lett. Fam. ii. 9.

¹ Canz. xii. Part I. See also Canz. ii.

Her eyes were tender and brilliant :—

“Gli occhi sereni, e le stellanti ciglia.”
(Sonn. cxlviii. Part I.)

Her eyebrows were as black as ebony :—

“Ebeno i cigli.”—(Sonn. cvi. *ib.*)

Her golden hair floated on her shoulders :—

“E il primo dì ch’ i’ vidi a l’aura sparsi
I capei d’ oro onde si subit arsi.”

Her hands were whiter than snow or ivory :—

“Man ch’ avorio, e neve avanza.”
(Sonn. cxxix. *ib.*)

The sound of her voice was soft and sweet :—

“Chiara, soave, angelica, divina.”—
(Sonn. cxv. *ib.*)

And she was full of grace :—

“Atto gentile,” &c.—(Sonn. clxxv.)

Such is only the outline of the portrait of Laura as delineated by Petrarch : many finishing touches of exquisite grace and delicacy are still to be found in his poetry. That this was the lady who appeared in the church at Avignon, and that that lady was Petrarch's Laura, would seem to be unquestionably proved by the manuscript inscription in the Virgil, whose authenticity has been further established by a discovery made in 1795 by the Milanese librarian, of a continuation of the inscription on the cover of the book itself. This continuation contains records, added from time to time in the same handwriting, of the deaths of Petrarch's friends as they occurred. When this note was first discovered in the Virgil, Vellutello, perceiving how entirely it overthrew his theory, took refuge in saying that it was a forgery; but the later discovery of 1795 puts a stop to any imputation of this kind, and the fact is now established by the unanimous consent of the Italian *calligrafi*, by the authority of De Sade, of Tiraboschi, and above all of Bandelli, whose work, “*Del Petrarca e delle sue opere*,” was published at Florence in 1837. One other curious circumstance helps to maintain the truth of this theory respecting Laura. In 1533, according

to the Abbé de Sade,¹ Girolamo Manelli, of Florence, Maurice de Sève, and Mgr. Bontemps, Archbishop of Avignon, undertook to make investigations concerning Laura's family. In their search among all the ancient sepulchres at Avignon, they finally came to the church of the Cordeliers, where Petrarch says in his note Laura is buried. They found in the chapel of the house of Sade, which is in that church, among the tombs, a great stone, bearing no inscription, but two escutcheons obliterated by time, and a rose above the escutcheons. The stone being raised by order of the Archbishop, they discovered a coffin, inside which were a few small bones and a leaden box fastened down with a band of iron. The box contained a parchment folded and sealed with green wax, and a bronze medal, bearing on one side the figure of a woman with the initial letters, “M. L. M. J.,” and nothing on the reverse. Maurice de Sève suggested the meaning of the initials to be “*Madonna Laura morta jace*” (the old form of Italian spelling having been used). A sonnet was written on the parchment, which was deciphered with some difficulty. It is supposed to have been written by Petrarch, and begins thus :—

“Qui riposan quei caste e felice ossa.”²

The news of this discovery having reached the ears of Francis I., King of France, he stopped at Avignon on his way to Marseilles, caused the tombstone to be again raised, and re-opened the box to read Petrarch's verses. He then, himself, wrote Laura's epitaph, which was placed inside the box with the sonnet. If her fame had not already been firmly established, it would have been secured by these graceful lines of the chivalrous king :—

“En petit lieu compris vous pouvez voir
Ce qui comprend beaucoup par renommée,
Plume, labeur, la langue et le savoir
Furent vaincus par l'aymant de l'aymée.”

¹ Vol. I. Note iv. p. 13.

² Vol. II. Note xi. “*Pièces Justificatives*,” p. 41.

"O gentil Ame estant tant estimée,
 Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant ?
 Car la parole est toujours reprimée,
 Quand le sujet surmonte le disant."¹

It is right to say that some Italian writers refuse to acknowledge that the sonnet was written by Petrarch, on account of its inferiority to his other poetry; while others give full credit to the whole story. The arguments on both sides are too long to be cited here, but those who wish to find out minute particulars of the event, with contemporary evidence to support them, have only to look in the places already referred to in the Abbé de Sade's *Memoirs*. Assuming, then, that Laura's identity with Madame Laura de Sade is proved, it only remains to say a few words upon the character of Petrarch's passion for her.

At the epoch known to artists as the "Renaissance," after centuries of barbarism, despite the corruption and ferocity which still vitiated the manners of the age, there remained an exaggerated sentiment as to the passion of love. The empire acquired by women in the North, by contrast to the slavery of those of the East and South, had become exalted by chivalry into a kind of religion. The Troubadours were one consequence of chivalry, and the poet was as anxious to consecrate his verses to his mistress as the knight to lay at her feet the enterprises of his valour. Hence the "Corti d' Amore;" and to these courts, which were held in Provence in the time of Petrarch, we owe the invention of his particular species of mystic lyrical poetry.

The manners and customs of the age gave a further stimulus to his already ardent passion, and to write of Laura became, with him, a kind of romance. He differs, however, from the early Troubadours of Italy, the character of whose poetry was often vague and undecided, in the precision of his language: every verse with him is a portrait, of Laura herself, of the places where she moved, of the little incidents of their intercourse. His romance is made up of the simplest

¹ Sade, "*Mémoires*," vol. II. Note xii. p. 42.

events of her life: a smile, a look, an encounter, a passing cloud, a lost glove even, makes an object for his poetry, and enables him to present us with a series of exquisitely finished pictures. The air, the summer breeze, the water, the trees, the flowers, and the green sward, are, if the expression may be allowed, inspired with life, and personified by Petrarch in order that the most beautiful productions of nature may do honour to the object of his poetry and of his love.

Those who wish to be convinced of the high and noble character of his affection for Laura ought to consult Petrarch himself.

He says, in his "Dialoghi con S. Agostino:"—"Se fosse dato di mirare il mio affetto come si mira il viso di Laura, si vedrebbe che quello è puro, è immacolato al par di questo. Dirò di più; debbo a Laura tutto ciò che sono; salito non sarei in qualche fama, se ella non avesse fatto germogliare con nobilissimi affetti quei semi di virtù che la natura avea sparsi nel mio cuore, ella ritrasse il giovanile mio amore da ogni turpitudine e mi diede ali da volar sopra il cielo e di contemplare l' alta Cagione prima; giacchè è un effetto dell' amore il trasformare gli amanti e renderli simili all' oggetto amato."

The love of Petrarch was the glory, if it was also the torment of his existence; and although it may be scarcely credible that such an utterly hopeless love should have absorbed him nearly fifty years, the nature and constancy of it are painted with a charm, a loftiness of tone, and in such brilliant colours, that raise far above all vulgar and ordinary conceptions this the concentrated passion of his life. His Italian poetry was the result of these highly wrought feelings; and we must not forget that, in the estimation of Petrarch, it held a secondary place, and that he was even surprised at the success which it obtained during his lifetime. He trusted his reputation to his Latin works, and expected to win from those almost forgotten imitations of a dead language the immortality justly due to his poems in his native

tongue. Posterity has passed a wiser judgment, and all who can thoroughly understand the Italian language will be of opinion that the "Rime del Petrarca" entitle their author to be considered as the prince of lyrical poetry.

In order to read the "Canzoniere" with proper attention and interest, the mind of the reader should accompany step by step the mind of the poet, with reference to the time, place, and circumstance which give occasion for his poetry. It is a complete history of his life where it touches by the very smallest incident the life of Laura. According to most of the Italian commentators, the "Canzoniere" may be divided into four parts.

In the first part are placed the "Rime in Vita di Madonna Laura."

In the second, those "In Morte di Madonna Laura."

In the third, "I Trionfi."

In the fourth, the Sonnets and compositions upon various subjects. The Sonnets in the first part contain some of the most famous "capi d'opera," but the Canzoni are considered the jewels of the collection; and the severest of Petrarch's critics (Tassoni) is forced to own that "there is not one of Petrarch's verses which would not establish his reputation as a poet, but the 'Canzoni' are, in my judgment, his best claim to honour and renown." There are twenty-one in the first part: of these, Nos. viii., ix., x., xiv., and xv. are supposed to be the most celebrated. The first three of these are called by the Italians the "Three Graces," and they affirm that there is no piece of Italian poetry so pure, so polished, and so well sustained. They make altogether one poem, in three strophes of fifteen verses. The grace and delicacy of Canzone xi., "Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque," is so well known that it is only necessary to mention it by name. Voltaire translated it into French, because he said "ces monuments de l'esprit humain délassent de la longue attention aux malheurs qui ont troublé la terre." Canzone xii., apart from its own merits, contains the description of the green and violet dress in which Petrarch saw Laura for the first time.

The Sonnets in the first part are 207 in number, far too numerous to attempt to describe in so small a space. The two which relate to Laura's picture¹ are addressed to the Siennese artist Simone Memmi, with whose painting Petrarch was so enraptured that he exclaims—

"Sure Memmi mine in Paradise hath been,
Whence came but late the lady of all
grace,
Whom on his canvas he hath sought to
trace
That we on earth might know fair Beauty's
queen."²

The Ballati, Madrigali, and Sestini, the other varying forms in which Petrarch clothes his poetical ideas, are interspersed throughout the first part, but they are seldom employed in the second, as not grave enough for so melancholy a subject.

If, as it is often said, all true poetry is tinged with melancholy, the reason for the second part of the Canzoniere being preferred to the first is easily explained. We can more readily sympathise with Petrarch now Laura is dead. The exalted and romantic nature of his previous sorrow was hard to understand, difficult to compassionate; but there are few who do not know what it is to mourn a dead friend. Our tenderest sympathies and best feelings are enlisted as we follow Petrarch through his years of mourning.

"To my belief,"

(he makes Laura say to him, when she appears to him in a vision,)

"Long time on earth without me thou must live."³

And twenty-six years of constant love after her death did Petrarch add to the twenty-one years which he had already devoted to her during her lifetime. The Canzoni of this part, eight in number, are all very beautiful, and would fully

¹ Sonn. xlix. l., Part I.

² Sonn. xlix., Part I. "Ma certo il mio Simon fu in Paradiso." Prints of this picture are still to be procured in the Libreria Laurenziana at Florence.

³ "Trionfo della Morte," cap. ii. "Al creder mio, tu stara' in terra senza me gran tempo."

repay a careful study of them, especially the first, "Che debb' io far?" Who has not felt the force of the original lines—

" Ah me ! that lovely face, prey to the worm !
Which made earth heaven,
Pledge of immortal hue.
Unseen in Paradise now is her form ;
The veil is riven
Which o'er her youthful prime its shadow
threw,
Yet to be worn anew,
Radiant and glorified,
And never laid aside,
But everlasting, and mortals descry
That with Eternity Time cannot vie."¹

And the same deep pathos is to be found in those two sonnets² in which he bids farewell to Laura's earthly beauty. The idea also runs through the third canzone of this part, disguised under various allegorical forms; and, apart from its own merits, this canzone is still further interesting from having been translated by Spenser, in 1591, under the title of "The Visions of Petrarch."

The political Canzoni and Sonnets have purposely been passed by in order to speak of them in another place; it only remains, therefore, to mention the Trionfi. These were visions, a kind of poetry in vogue at that time; indeed, the whole of the "Divina Commedia" was framed upon this scheme. The Trionfi of Petrarch are six in number:—

1. Il Trionfo d' Amore.
2. " della Castità.
3. " della Morte.
4. " della Fama.
5. " del Tempo.
5. " della Divinità.

In them the poet describes the various phases of existence through which a man must pass. In his first state of youth he is beset by the desires of the senses, which may all be comprised in the one term of self-love. But as his reason becomes gradually matured, he perceives the unfitness of such a condition of life; he struggles against his desires, and overcomes them by the

help of self-denial. In the midst of all these struggles, death comes upon him, and makes the victor and the vanquished equal, removing both from this world. Yet the power of death is not sufficient to destroy the memory of him who, by his noble and valorous deeds, has purchased for himself an undying name. He lives once more by that fame—

" Which from the grave recalls the dead, bidding them live again."¹

Only Time,

" Who with destroying venom blasts great names,"²

gradually obliterates all remembrance of man's works, however great or good, thereby teaching him not to hope for any other undying existence than that blessed eternity which is in the presence of God, and whose pleasures are at His right hand for evermore. Thus man at first falls a victim to self-love, but self-denial will conquer self-love. Death will triumph over both, Fame will rescue his memory from death, but in its turn must succumb to Time, while Time is finally lost in Eternity. Of all the Trionfi, the third, "Della Morte," is by far the most poetical and the most full of interest. In it the story of Petrarch's love is retraced and explained; and at last, after the tempests by which his mind was agitated, and the years of patient waiting, he seems to have found a haven of peace and rest. Who would grudge him the consolation which he finally weaves for himself out of his own vivid imagination? It is so full of power, so convincing in its touching simplicity, that we feel to draw a long breath of relief as we read it, while we rejoice in thinking that comfort did come to him in the end. It has always been a favourite resource of the

¹ Trionfo della Fama:—

"Che trae l' uom del sepolcro, e 'n vita il serba."

² Trionfo del Tempo:—

"E 'l gran tempo a' gran nomi è gran veneno."

¹ Canz. i., Part II. "Oimè, terra è fatto il suo bel viso."

² Sonn. i. and xxiv., Part II.

Italian poets to call back the lost mistress from the grave. Thus, in the "Divina Commedia," Beatrice is constantly placed before our eyes, acting and speaking as if in life. Witness Tasso, when he summons back Clorinda after death to console her faithful Tancredi; witness the very instance we have before us in Petrarch and Laura. The idea which runs through the second chapter of the "Trionfo della Morte" is especially beautiful, and seems exactly to touch the right chord, when the heart is aching, in times of deep sorrow. Not only does Petrarch insist in the most moving language upon the continuity of the existence of his lost Laura in a blessed state of happiness, but he also dwells upon her unchanged interest in the faithful friend who is left behind to mourn her death. The following translation can only render in a very feeble manner the beauty and force of the Italian, but it is inserted in the hope that it may lead to the study of the original.¹

"It was the night which closed that day of
woe,
In which the sunlight of my life was hid,
And taken back to heaven, whence it came
To guide my erring steps. So I remain
As one deprived of sight, groping my way.
The air was filled, at that first hour of dawn,
With summer's softest breeze, whose gentle
balm
Is wont, from off the shapeless dreams of
night,
To lift the veil. And there came toward me
Advancing, as it were, from out a group
Of blest, rejoicing souls, a Lady fair
And lovely as the year in this his prime,
With all the fairest Eastern jewels crowned.

"She placed in mine that hand, which I so
long
With fondest wish had coveted; and thus
Created in my heart a fount of joy.
Then sighing as she spoke, she thus began:
'Dost thou discern in me thy friend, thy
guide
Who turned thy footsteps from the common
way
While yet with gentle sway I ruled thy
heart?'
And thoughtfully in grave and lowly guise
She made me sit beside her on a bank
O'ershadowed by a laurel and a beech.

¹ Trionfo della Morte, cap. ii.

'How should I not discern my angel pure?'
As one cast down with sorrow, I replied.
'In pity of my grief I pray thee say
If yet thou art indeed alive, or dead?'

"I am alive, and thou as yet art dead,
And such thou wilt remain,' she answering
said,

'Until at length the solemn hour is struck
In which thou too shalt pass from off this
earth.

Brief is our space of time, alas! not suited
To the extent and length of our discourse;
Therefore, be wise, restrain thy speech, and
cease

Ere the day dawn which is so close at hand.'

"We reach at length the end of this estate
Which we call life,' I trembling said; 'and
then,

I do beseech thee tell me, since by proof
Thou knowest it, is there in very truth
Such fearful sharpness in the pangs of death?'

"While yet thou followest the vulgar herd,'
She then replied, 'seeking with all thy
might

Its partial favour ever blind and hard,
In vain thou mayest hope for joy or peace.
Death only opens wide the prison gate
To faithful souls, setting them free. To
those

Whose hopes and wishes grovel in this clay
Nor rise above it, it is bitter pain.

And now my death which doth thy soul so
grieve

Would fill thee with all gladness, couldst
thou know

E'en but the thousandth part of my great
joy.'

It seems as if there could scarcely be
a better conclusion to the examination
of Petrarch's poetical works, all filled
with the name of Laura and dedicated
to her honour, than the words of consolation
which he puts in her mouth after
her death.

Such, then, is the story of the
romantic side of Petrarch's life, however
imperfectly sketched; but whatever
is wanting in the details should be
sought for where it will best be found,
in the Canzoniere themselves.

Before, however, bidding a final adieu
to Laura, some few points of comparison
suggest themselves between the character
of Petrarch's passion for her and
that of Dante for Beatrice. The great
poem in honour of the Florentine lady
still retained the attraction of novelty
when her French rival appeared, to claim
in her turn the homage of another mar-

vellous Italian genius, only second to the great Alighieri. Both Dante and Petrarch were inspired with the same fervent wish to immortalize the object of their devoted love, and, in so doing, both obtained for themselves also an immortal name:—

“Both in our wonder and astonishment
Have built themselves a livelong monument.”

But Dante laid a broader foundation to support his homage to Beatrice, and on it he gradually piled all the science then known, transforming her from a frail being of mortal clay into a personification of the highest truths. Thus he placed her on a pedestal from which no womanly weakness could ever take her down. Laura, on the other hand, is only a woman—most beautiful, if one may credit Petrarch, and most perfect; but she is nothing more. Even when, in the passage just quoted, she appears to him, she is still no more than the lady of his passionate love, exercising the same good influence after death which she had maintained over him in life. Perhaps the difference between the lives of the two poets may account for their different modes of celebrating their heroines. There is, it must be admitted, some resemblance between the “*Vita Nuova*” (that early minor work of Dante’s) and the Sonnets of Petrarch, the verses of either poet being often inspired by the trivial incidents of daily life. But Beatrice died in early youth; with her expired, in two senses, the “*Vita Nuova*” of Dante; and the great work of his riper years, written when the faculties of his mind were fully developed, is purely visionary, unsustained by any external aid. Again, what a contrast does the life of Dante present to that of Petrarch. Both, it is true, were exiles, but Petrarch was born in exile, and was, moreover, pressed to return with honour to his

country. Dante, in the full pride and vigour of manhood, was driven from his native city by his ungrateful countrymen, and never suffered to return under pain of being burnt alive. His whole life was embittered by this treatment: it was also often a hard struggle for him even to exist. He knew well, and his proud nature shrank from it,

“How salt the savour is of others’ bread;
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By others’ stairs.”¹

The exile of Petrarch, on the contrary, had every alleviation in the shape of a number of devoted friends and the esteem of most of the European princes, who courted him and desired his favour. We may trace these different circumstances of life in the language, as well as in the ideas of their poetry. Discarding the old trammels of the Latin tongue, Dante had the courage to strike out a new path, and create a language which is, perhaps, the most beautiful and certainly the most melodious of all modern languages. Petrarch completed what Dante had begun. He would not have had force or vigour sufficient to commence such an undertaking, and many of the most hardy and expressive words and figures of speech would never have existed had it not been for the great genius who gave them his name.

But Petrarch was often superior to Dante in taste, though inferior in depth of thought and creative power. The school of poetry which he formed has left an indelible stamp upon the taste of his country; and while much of the enchanting grace and delicacy of the Italian language is due to him, he also gave it a stability which has caused it to remain almost unchanged for the last five centuries.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

¹ Cary’s translation.

To be continued.

A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXCHANGES.

JUST as Frank Lavender went downstairs to meet Ingram, a letter which had been forwarded from London was brought to Sheila. It bore the Lewis postmark, and she guessed it was from Duncan, for she had told Mairi to ask the tall keeper to write, and she knew he would hasten to obey her request at any sacrifice of comfort to himself. Sheila sat down to read the letter in a happy frame of mind. She had every confidence that all her troubles were about to be removed now that her good friend Ingram had come to her husband; and here was a message to her from her home, that seemed, even before she read it, to beg of her to come thither, light-hearted and joyous. This was what she read:—

"BORVABOST, THE ISLAND OF LEWS,
"the third Aug., 18—.

"HONOURED MRS. LAVENDER,—It waz Mairi waz sayin that you will want me to write to you, bit I am not good at the writen whatever, and it waz 2 years since I waz writen to Amerika, to John Ferkason that kept the tea-shop in Stornoway, and was trooned in coming home the verra last year before this. It waz Mairi will say you will like a letter as well as any one that waz goin to Amerika, for the news and the things, and you will be as far away from us as if you waz living in Amerika or Glaska. But there is not much news, for the lads they hev all pulled up the boats, and they are away to Wick, and Sandy McDougal that waz living by Loch Langavat he will be going too, for he waz up at the sheilings when Mrs. Paterson's lasses waz there

with the cows, and it waz Jeanie the youngest and him made it up, and he haz twenty-five pounds in the bank, which is a good thing too mirover for the young couple. It waz many a one waz sayin when the cows and the sheep waz come home from the sheilings that never afore waz Miss Sheila away from Loch Roag when the cattle would be swimmin across the loch to the island; and I will say to many of them verra well you will wait and you will see Miss Sheila back again in the Lews and it wazna allwas you would lif away from your own home where you waz born and the people will know you from the one year to the next. John McNicol of Habost he will be verra bad three months or two months ago, and we waz thinkin he will die, and him with a wife and five bairns too, and four cows and a cart, but the doctor took a great dale of blood from him, and he is now verra well whatever, though wakely on the legs. It would hev been a bad thing if Mr. McNicol waz dead, for he will be verra good at pentin a door, and he haz between fifteen pounds and ten pounds in the bank at Stornoway, and four cows too and a cart, and he is a ferra religious man, and has great skill o the psalm-tunes, and he toesna get trunk now more as twice or as three times in the two weeks. It waz his dochter Betsy, a verra fine lass, that waz come to Borvabost, and it waz the talk among many that Alister-nan-Each he waz thinkin of makin up to her, but there will be a great laugh all over the island, and she will be verra angry and say she will not have him no if his house had a door of silfer to it for she will hev no one that toesna go to the Caithness fishins wi the other lads. It waz blew verra hard

here the last night or two or three. There is a great deal of salmon in the rivers; and Mr. Mackenzie he will be going across to Grimersta, the day after to-morrow, or the next day before that, and the English gentlemen hev been there more as two or three weeks, and they will be getting verra good sport whatever. Mairi she will be written a letter to you to-morrow, Miss Sheila, and she will be telling you all the news of the house. Mairi waz sayin she will be goin to London when the harvest waz got in, and Scarlett will say to her that no one will let her land on the island again if she toesna bring you back with her to the island and to your own house. If it waz not too much trouble, Miss Sheila, it would be a proud day for Scarlett if you waz send me a line or two lines to say if you will be coming to the Lews this summer or before the winter is over whatever. I remain, Honoured Mrs. Lavender, your obedient servant,

"DUNCAN MACDONALD."

"This summer or winter," said Sheila to herself, with a happy light on her face; "why not now?" Why should she not go downstairs to the coffee-room of the hotel, and place this invitation in the hands of her husband and his friend? Would not its garrulous simplicity recall to both of them the island they used to find so pleasant? Would not they suddenly resolve to leave behind them London and its ways and people, even this monotonous sea out there, and speed away northward till they came in sight of the great and rolling Minch, with its majestic breadth of sky and its pale blue islands lying far away at the horizon? Then the happy landing at Stornoway—her father, and Duncan, and Mairi all on the quay—the rapid drive over to Loch Roag, and the first glimpse of the rocky bays, and clear water, and white sand about Borva and Borvabost! And Sheila would once more—having cast aside this cumbrous attire that she had to change so often, and having got out that neat and simple costume that was so good

for walking, or driving, or sailing—be proud to wait upon her guests, and help Mairi in her household ways, and have a pretty table ready for the gentlemen when they returned from the shooting.

Her husband came up the hotel stairs and entered the room. She rose to meet him, with the open letter in her hand.

"Sheila," he said (and the light slowly died away from her face), "I have something to ask of you."

She knew by the sound of his voice that she had nothing to hope: it was not the first time she had been disappointed, and yet this time it seemed especially bitter somehow. The awakening from these illusions was sudden.

She did not answer, so he said, in the same measured voice—

"I have to ask that you will have henceforth no communication with Mr. Ingram; I do not wish him to come to the house."

She stood for a moment, apparently not understanding the meaning of what he said. Then, when the full force of this decision and request came upon her, a quick colour sprang to her face—the cause of which, if it had been revealed to him in words, would have considerably astonished her husband. But that moment of doubt, of surprise, and of inward indignation, was soon over. She cast down her eyes, and said meekly—

"Very well, dear."

It was now his turn to be astonished, and mortified as well. He could not have believed it possible that she should so calmly acquiesce in the dismissal of one of her dearest friends. He had expected a more or less angry protest, if not a distinct refusal, which would have given him an opportunity for displaying the injuries he conceived himself to have suffered at their hands. Why had she not come to himself? This man Ingram was presuming on his ancient friendship, and on the part he had taken in forwarding the marriage up in Borva. He had always, moreover, been somewhat too much of the schoolmaster

—with his severe judgments, his sententious fashion of criticising and warning people, and his readiness to prove the whole world wrong in order to show himself to be right. All these and many other things Lavender meant to say to Sheila, so soon as she had protested against his forbidding Ingram to come any more to the house. But there was no protest. Sheila did not even seem surprised. She went back to her seat by the window, folded up Duncan's letter, and put it in her pocket; and then she turned to look at the sea.

Lavender regarded her for a moment, apparently doubting whether he should himself prosecute the subject; then he turned and left the room.

Sheila did not cry or otherwise seek to compassionate and console herself. Her husband had told her to do a certain thing; and she would do it. Perhaps she had been imprudent in having confided in Mr. Ingram; and, if so, it was right that she should be punished. But the regret and pain that lay deep in her heart was that Ingram should have suffered through her, and that she had no opportunity of telling him that, though they might not see each other, she would never forget her friendship for him, or cease to be grateful to him for his unceasing and generous kindness to her.

Next morning Lavender was summoned to London by a telegram which announced that his aunt was seriously ill. He and Sheila got ready at once, left by a forenoon train, had some brief luncheon at home, and then went down to see the old lady in Kensington Gore. During their journey, Lavender had been rather more courteous and kindly towards Sheila than was his wont. Was he pleased that she had so readily obeyed him in this matter of giving up about the only friend she had in London? Or was he moved by some visitation of compunction? Sheila tried to show that she was grateful for his kindness; but there was that between them which could not be removed by chance phrases or attentions.

Mrs. Lavender was in her own room. Paterson brought word that she wanted to see Sheila first and alone; so Lavender sat down in the gloomy drawing-room, by the window, and watched the people riding and driving past, and the sunshine on the dusty green trees in the Park.

"Is Frank Lavender below?" said the thin old woman, who was propped up in bed, with some scarlet garment around her that made her resemble more than ever the cockatoo of which Sheila had thought on first seeing her.

"Yes," said Sheila.

"I want to see you alone—I can't bear him dawdling about a room, and staring at things, and saying nothing. Does he speak to you?"

Sheila did not wish to enter into any controversy about the habits of her husband, so she said—

"I hope you will see him before he goes, Mrs. Lavender. He is very anxious to know how you are; and I am glad to find you looking so well. You do not look like an invalid at all."

"Oh, I'm not going to die yet," said the little dried old woman, with the harsh voice, the staring eyes, and the tightly-twisted grey hair. "I hope you didn't come to read the Bible to me—you wouldn't find one about in any case, I should think. If you like to sit down and read the sayings of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, I should enjoy that; but I suppose you are too busy thinking what dress you'll wear at my funeral."

"Indeed I was thinking of no such thing," said Sheila, indignantly, but feeling all the same that the hard, glittering, expressionless eyes were watching her.

"Do you think I believe you?" said Mrs. Lavender. "Bah! I hope I am able to recognize the facts of life. If you were to die this afternoon, I should get a black silk trimmed with crape the moment I got on my feet again, and go to your funeral in the ordinary way. I hope you will pay me the same respect. Do you think I am afraid to speak of these things?"

"Why should you speak of them?" said Sheila, despairingly.

"Because it does you good to contemplate the worst that can befall you; and if it does not happen, you may rejoice. And it will happen. I know I shall be lying in this bed, with half-a-dozen of you round about trying to cry, and wondering which will have the courage to turn and go out of the room first. Then there will be the funeral day, and Paterson will be careful about the blinds, and go about the house on her tip-toes, as if I were likely to hear! Then there will be a pretty service up in the cemetery, and a man who never saw me will speak of his dear sister departed; and then you'll all go home and have your dinner. Am I afraid of it?"

"Why should you talk like that?" said Sheila, piteously. "You are not going to die. You distress yourself and others by thinking of these horrible things——"

"My dear child, there is nothing horrible in nature. Everything is part of the universal system which you should recognize and accept. If you had trained yourself now, by the study of philosophical works, to know how helpless you are to alter the facts of life, and how it is the best wisdom to be prepared for the worst, you would find nothing horrible in thinking of your own funeral. You are not looking well."

Sheila was startled by the suddenness of the announcement.

"Perhaps I am a little tired with the travelling we have done to-day."

"Is Frank Lavender kind to you?"

What was she to say, with those two eyes scanning her face?

"It is too soon to expect him to be anything else," she said, with an effort at a smile.

"Ah! So you are beginning to talk in that way? I thought you were full of sentimental notions of life when you came to London. It is not a good place for nurturing such things."

"It is not," said Sheila, surprised into a sigh.

"Come nearer. Don't be afraid I shall bite you. I am not so ferocious as I look."

Sheila rose and went closer to the bedside; and the old woman stretched out a lean and withered hand to her.

"If I thought that that silly fellow wasn't behaving well to you——"

"I will not listen to you," said Sheila, suddenly withdrawing her hand, while a quick colour leapt to her face; "I will not listen to you if you speak of my husband in that way."

"I will speak of him any way you like. Don't get into a rage. I have known Frank Lavender a good deal longer than you have. What I was going to say is this—that if I thought that he was not behaving well to you, I would play him a trick. I would leave my money, which is all he has got to live on, to you; and when I died, he would find himself dependent on you for every farthing he wanted to spend."

And the old woman laughed—with very little of the weakness of an invalid in the look of her face. But Sheila, when she had mastered her surprise, and resolved not to be angry, said calmly—

"Whatever I have, whatever I might have, that belongs to my husband, not to me."

"Now you speak like a sensible girl," said Mrs. Lavender. "That is the misfortune of a wife, that she cannot keep her own money to herself. But there are means by which the law may be defeated, my dear. I have been thinking it over; I have been speaking of it to Mr. Ingram; for I have suspected for some time that my nephew, Mr. Frank, was not behaving himself."

"Mrs. Lavender," said Sheila, with a face too proud and indignant for tears, "you do not understand me. No one has the right to imagine anything against my husband, and to seek to punish him through me. And when I said that everything I have belongs to him, I was not thinking of the law—no—but only this: that everything I have, or might have, would belong to him, as I myself belong to him, of my own free will and gift; and I would

have no money, or anything else, that was not entirely his."

"You are a fool."

"Perhaps," said Sheila, struggling to repress her tears.

"What if I were to leave every farthing of my property to a hospital? Where would Frank Lavender be then?"

"He could earn his own living without any such help," said Sheila, proudly: for she had never yet given up the hope that her husband would fulfil the fair promise of an earlier time, and win great renown for himself in striving to please her, as he had many a time vowed he would do.

"He has taken great care to conceal his powers in that way," said the old woman, with a sneer.

"And if he has, whose fault is it?" the girl said, warmly. "Who has kept him in idleness but yourself? And now you blame him for it. I wish he had never had any of your money—I wish he were never to have any more of it—"

And then Sheila stopped, with a terrible dread falling over her. What had she not said? The pride of her race had carried her so far, and she had given expression to all the tumult of her heart; but had she not betrayed her duty as a wife, and grievously compromised the interests of her husband? And yet the indignation in her bosom was too strong to admit of her retracting those fatal phrases, and begging forgiveness. She stood for a moment, irresolute; and she knew that the invalid was regarding her curiously, as though she were some wild animal, and not an ordinary resident in Bayswater.

"You are a little mad, but you are a good girl, and I want to be friends with you. You have in you the spirit of a dozen Frank Lavenders."

"You will never make friends with me by speaking ill of my husband," said Sheila, with the same proud and indignant look.

"Not when he ill-uses you?"

"He does not ill-use me. What has Mr. Ingram been saying to you?"

The sudden question would certainly

have brought about a disclosure, if any were to have been made; but Mrs. Lavender assured Sheila that Mr. Ingram had told her nothing, that she had been forming her own conclusions, and that she still doubted that they were right.

"Now sit down and read to me. You will find Marcus Antoninus on the top of those books."

"Frank is in the drawing-room," observed Sheila, mildly.

"He can wait," said the old woman, sharply.

"Yes, but you cannot expect me to keep him waiting," with a smile which did not conceal her very definite purpose.

"Then ring, and bid him come up. You will soon get rid of those absurd sentiments."

Sheila rang the bell, and sent Mrs. Paterson down for Lavender; but she did not betake herself to Marcus Antoninus. She waited a few minutes, and then her husband made his appearance, whereupon she sat down, and left to him the agreeable duty of talking with this toothless old heathen about funerals and lingering death.

"Well, Aunt Lavender, I am sorry to hear you have been ill, but I suppose you are getting all right again, to judge by your looks."

"I am not nearly as ill as you expected."

"I wonder you did not say 'hoped'!" remarked Lavender, carelessly. "You are always attributing the most charitable feelings to your fellow-creatures."

"Frank Lavender," said the old lady, who was a little pleased by this bit of flattery, "if you came here to make yourself impertinent and disagreeable, you can go downstairs again. Your wife and I get on very well without you."

"I am glad to hear it," he said; "I suppose you have been telling her what is the matter with you."

"I have not. I don't know. I have had a pain in the head, and two fits, and I dare say the next will carry me off. The doctors won't tell me anything about it, so I suppose it is serious——"

"Nonsense!" cried Lavender. "Serious! To look at you, one would say you never had been ill in your life."

"Don't tell stories, Frank Lavender. I know I look like a corpse; but I don't mind it, for I avoid the looking-glass, and keep the spectacle for my friends. I expect the next fit will kill me."

"I'll tell you what it is, Aunt Lavender; if you would only get up and come with us for a drive in the Park, you would find there was nothing of an invalid about you; and we should take you home to a quiet dinner at Notting Hill, and Sheila would sing to you all the evening, and to-morrow you would receive the doctors in state in your drawing-room, and tell them you were going for a month to Malvern."

"Your husband has a fine imagination, my dear," said Mrs. Lavender to Sheila. "It is a pity he puts it to no use. Now I shall let both of you go. Three breathing in this room are too many for the cubic feet of air it contains. Frank, bring over those scales and put them on the table; and send Paterson to me as you go out."

And so they went downstairs, and out of the house. Just as they stood on the steps, looking for a hansom, a young lad came forward, and shook hands with Lavender, glancing rather nervously at Sheila.

"Well, Mosenberg," said Lavender, "you've come back from Leipsic at last. We got your card when we came home this morning from Brighton. Let me introduce you to my wife."

The boy looked at the beautiful face before him with something of distant wonder and reverence in his regard. Sheila had heard of the lad before—of the Mendelssohn that was to be—and liked his appearance at first sight. He was a rather handsome boy of fourteen or fifteen, of the fair Jew type, with large, dark, expressive eyes, and long, wavy, light-brown hair. He spoke English fluently and well; his slight German accent was, indeed, scarcely so distinct as Sheila's Highland one; the chief peculiarity of his speaking being a

preference for short sentences, as if he were afraid to venture upon elaborate English. He had not addressed a dozen sentences to Sheila before she had begun to have a liking for the lad; perhaps on account of his soft and musical voice; perhaps on account of the respectful and almost wondering admiration that dwelt in his eyes. He spoke to her as if she were some saint, who had but to smile to charm and bewilder the humble worshipper at her shrine.

"I was intending to call upon Mrs. Lavender, Madame," he said. "I heard that she was ill. Perhaps you can tell me if she is better."

"She seems to be very well to-day, and in very good spirits," Sheila answered.

"Then I will not go in. Did you propose to take a walk in the Park, Madame?"

Lavender inwardly laughed at the magnificent audacity of the lad; and, seeing that Sheila hesitated, humoured him by saying—

"Well, we were thinking of calling on one or two people before going home to dinner. But I haven't seen you for a long time, Mosenberg; and I want you to tell me how you succeeded at the Conservatoire. If you like to walk with us for a bit, we can give you something to eat at seven."

"That would be very pleasant for me," said the boy, blushing somewhat, "if it does not incommode you, Madame."

"Oh, no—I hope you will come," said Sheila, most heartily; and so they set out for a walk through Kensington Gardens northward.

Precious little did Lavender learn about Leipsic during that walk. The boy devoted himself wholly to Sheila. He had heard frequently of her, and he knew of her coming from the wild and romantic Hebrides; and he began to tell her of all the experiments that composers had made in representing the sound of seas, and storms, and winds howling through caverns washed by the waves. Lavender liked music well enough, and could himself play and sing

a little ; but this enthusiasm rather bored him. He wanted to know if the yellow wine was still as cool and clear as ever down in the twilight of Auerbach's cellar, what burlesques had lately been played at the theatre, and whether such and such a beer-garden was still to the fore ; whereas he heard only analyses of overtures, and descriptions of the uses of particular musical instruments, and a wild rhapsody about moonlit seas, the sweetness of French horns, the King of Thule, and a dozen other matters.

"Mosenberg," he said, "before you go calling on people, you ought to visit an English tailor. People will think you belong to a German band."

"I have been to a tailor," said the lad, with a frank laugh. "My parents, Madame, wish me to be quite English—that is why I am sent to live in London, while they are in Frankfort. I stay with some very good friends of mine, who are very musical, and they are not annoyed by my practising, as other people would be."

"I hope you will sing something to us this evening," said Sheila.

"I will sing and play for you all the evening," he said, lightly, "until you are tired. But you must tell me when you are tired ; for who can tell how much music will be enough ? Sometimes two or three songs are more than enough to make people wish you away."

"You need have no fear of tiring me," said Sheila. "But when you are tired, I will sing for you."

"Yes, of course you sing, Madame," he said, casting down his eyes ; "I knew that when I saw you."

Sheila had got a sweetheart ; and Lavender saw it, and smiled good-naturedly. The awe and reverence with which this lad regarded the beautiful woman beside him were something new and odd in Kensington Gardens. Yet it was the way of those boys. He had himself had his imaginative fits of worship, in which some very ordinary young woman, who ate a good breakfast, and spent an hour and a half in arranging her hair before going out,

was regarded as some beautiful goddess fresh risen from the sea, or descended from the clouds. Young Mosenberg was just at the proper age for these foolish dreams. He would sing songs to Sheila, and reveal to her that way a passion of which he dared not otherwise speak. He would compose pieces of music for her, and dedicate them to her, and spend half his quarterly allowance in having them printed. He would grow to consider him, Lavender, a heartless brute, and cherish dark notions of poisoning him, but for the pain it might cause to her.

"I don't remember whether you smoke, Mosenberg," Lavender said, after dinner.

"Yes—a cigarette sometimes," said the lad ; "but if Mrs. Lavender is going away, perhaps she will let me go into the drawing-room with her. There is that sonata of Muzio Clementi, Madame, which I will try to remember for you, if you please——"

"All right," said Lavender ; "you'll find me in the next room on the left when you get tired of your music and want a cigar. I think you used to beat me at chess, didn't you ?"

"I do not know. We will try once more to-night."

Then Sheila and he went into the drawing-room by themselves ; and while she took a seat near the empty fireplace, he opened the piano at once, and sat down. He turned up his cuffs. He took a look at the pedals. He threw back his head, shaking his long brown hair. And then, with a crash like thunder, his two hands struck the keys. He had forgotten all about that sonata—it was a fantasia of his own, based on the airs in "*Der Freischütz*," that he played ; and, as he played, Sheila's poor little piano suffered somewhat. Never before had it been so battered about ; and she wished the small chamber were a great hall, to temper the voluminous noise of this opening passage. But presently the music softened. The white, lithe fingers ran lightly over the keys, so that the notes seemed to ripple out like the prattling of a stream ; and

then again some stately and majestic air, or some joyous burst of song, would break upon this light accompaniment, and lead up to another roar and rumble of noise. It was a very fine performance, doubtless; but what Sheila remarked most was the enthusiasm of the lad. She was to see more of that.

"Now," he said, "that is nothing. It is to get one's fingers accustomed to the keys—you play anything that is loud and rapid. But if you please, Madame, shall I sing you something?"

"Yes, do," said Sheila.

"I will sing for you a little German song, which I believe Jenny Lind used to sing, but I never heard her sing. You know German?"

"Very little indeed."

"This is only the cry of some one, who is far away, about his sweetheart. It is very simple, both in the words and the music."

And he began to sing, in a voice so rich, so tender, and expressive, that Sheila sat amazed and bewildered to hear him. Where had this boy caught such a trick of passion, or was it really a trick that threw into his voice all the pathos of a strong man's love and grief? He had a powerful baritone, of unusual compass, and rare sweetness; but it was not the finely-trained art of his singing, but the passionate abandonment of it, that thrilled Sheila, and indeed brought tears to her eyes. How had this mere lad learned all the yearning and despair of love, that he sung—

"Dir bebt die Brust
Dir schlägt dies Herz
Du meine Lust!
O du, mein Schmerz!"

Nur an den Winden, den Sternen der Höh
Muss ich verkünden mein süßes Weh!"

as though his heart were breaking? When he had finished, he paused for a moment or two before leaving the piano; and then he came over to where Sheila sat. She fancied there was a strange look on his face, as of one who had been really experiencing the wild emotions of which he sang; but he said, in his ordinary careful way of speaking—

"Madame, I am sorry I cannot translate the words for you into English. They are too simple; and they have, what is common in many German songs, a mingling of the pleasure and the sadness of being in love, that would not read natural perhaps in English. When he says to her that she is his greatest delight, and also his greatest grief, it is quite right in the German—but not in the English."

"But where have you learned all these things?" she said to him, talking to him as if he were a mere child, and looking without fear into his handsome boyish face and fine eyes. "Sit down and tell me. That is the song of some one whose sweetheart is far away, you said. But you sang it as if you yourself had some sweetheart far away."

"So I have, Madame," he said, seriously; "when I sing the song, I think of her then, so that I almost cry for her."

"And who is she?" said Sheila, gently. "Is she very far away?"

"I do not know," said the lad, absently. "I do not know who she is. Sometimes I think she is a beautiful woman away at St. Petersburg, singing in the opera-house there. Or I think she has sailed away in a ship from me——"

"But you do not sing about any particular person?" said Sheila, with an innocent wonder appearing in her eyes.

"Oh no, not at all," said the boy; and then he added, with some suddenness, "Do you think, Madame, any fine songs like that, or any fine words, that go to the heart of people, are written about any one person? Oh, no! The man has a great desire in him to say something beautiful, or sad, and he says it—not to one person, but to all the world; and all the world takes it from him as a gift. Sometimes, yes, he will think of one woman, or he will dedicate the music to her, or he will compose it for her wedding, but the feeling in his heart is greater than any that he has for her. Can you believe, Madame, that Mendelssohn wrote the *Hochzeitm*—the Wedding-March—for any one wedding? No. It was all the marriage-joy of all

the world he put into his music, and everyone knows that. And you hear it at this wedding, at that wedding, but you know it belongs to something far away and more beautiful than the marriage of any one bride with her sweetheart. And if you will pardon me, Madame, for speaking about myself; it is about some one I never knew, who is far more beautiful and precious to me than any one I ever knew, that I try to think when I sing these sad songs, and then I think of her far away, and not likely ever to see me again."

"But some day, you will find that you have met her in real life," Sheila said. "And you will find her far more beautiful and kind to you than anything you dreamed about; and you will try to write your best music to give to her. And then, if you should be unhappy, you will find how much worse is the real unhappiness about one you love than the sentiment of a song you can lay aside at any moment."

The lad looked at her.

"What can you know about unhappiness, Madame?" he said, with a frank and gentle simplicity that she liked.

"I!" said Sheila. "When people get married and begin to experience the cares of the world, they must expect to be unhappy sometimes."

"But not you," he said, with some touch of protest in his voice, as if it were impossible the world should deal harshly with so young, and beautiful, and tender a creature. "You can have nothing but enjoyment around you. Everyone must try to please you. You need only condescend to speak to people, and they are grateful to you for a great favour. Perhaps, Madame, you think I am impertinent——"

He stopped and blushed; while Sheila herself, with a little touch of colour, answered him, that she hoped he would always speak to her quite frankly, and then suggested that he might sing once more for her.

"Very well," he said, as he sat down to the piano; "this is not any more a sad song. It is about a young lady who will not let her sweetheart kiss her, ex-

cept on conditions. You shall hear the conditions, and what he says."

Sheila began to wonder whether this innocent-eyed lad had been imposing on her. The song was acted as well as sung. It consisted chiefly of a dialogue between the two lovers; and the boy, with a wonderful ease and grace and skill, mimicked the shy coquetries of the girl, her fits of petulance and dictation, and the pathetic remonstrances of her companion, his humble entreaties, and his final sullenness, which is only conquered by her sudden and ample consent. "What a rare faculty of artistic representation this precocious boy must have," she thought, "if he really exhibits all those moods, and whims, and tricks of manner without having himself been in the position of the despairing and imploring lover!"

"You were not thinking of the beautiful lady in St. Petersburg when you were singing now," Sheila said, on his coming back to her.

"Oh no," he said, carelessly; "that is nothing. You have not to imagine anything. These people, you see them on every stage, in the comedies and farces."

"But that might happen in actual life," said Sheila, still not quite sure about him. "Do you know that many people would think you must have yourself been teased in that way, or you could not imitate it so naturally?"

"I! Oh no, Madame," he said, seriously, "I should not act that way, if I were in love with a woman. If I found her a comedy-actress, liking to make her amusement out of our relations, I should say to her, '*Good evening, Mademoiselle; we have both made a little mistake.*'"

"But you might be so much in love with her that you could not leave her without being very miserable."

"I might be very much in love with her, yes; but I would rather go away, and be miserable, than be humiliated by such a girl. Why do you smile, Madame? Do you think I am vain, or that I am too young to know anything about that? Perhaps both are true; but one cannot help thinking."

"Well," said Sheila, with a grandly maternal air of sympathy and interest, "you must always remember this—that you have something more important to attend to than merely looking out for a beautiful sweetheart. That is the fancy of a foolish girl. You have your profession; and you must become great and famous in that; and then, some day, when you meet this beautiful woman, and ask her to be your wife, she will be bound to do that, and you will confer honour on her as well as secure happiness to yourself. Now, if you were to fall in love with some coquettish girl like her you were singing about, you would have no more ambition to become famous; you would lose all interest in everything except her, and she would be able to make you miserable by a single word. When you have made a name for yourself, and got a good many more years, you will be better able to bear anything that happens to you in your love or in your marriage."

"You are very kind to take so much trouble," said young Mosenberg, looking up with big, grateful eyes. "Perhaps, Madame, if you are not very busy during the day, you will let me call in sometimes; and if there is no one here, I will tell you about what I am doing, and play for you, or sing for you, if you please."

"In the afternoons I am always free," she said.

"Do you never go out?" he asked.

"Not often. My husband is at his studio most of the day."

The boy looked at her, hesitated for a moment, and then, with a sudden rush of colour to his face—

"You should not stay so much in the house. Will you sometimes go for a little walk with me, Madame, to Kensington Gardens, if you are not busy in the afternoon?"

"Oh, certainly," said Sheila, without a moment's embarrassment. "Do you live near them?"

"No, I live in Sloane-street; but the underground railway brings me here in a very short time."

That mention of Sloane-street gave a

twinge to Sheila's heart. Ought she to have been so ready to accept offers of new friendship just as her old friend had been banished from her?

"In Sloane-street? Do you know Mr. Ingram?"

"Oh yes, very well. Do you?"

"He is one of my oldest friends," said Sheila, bravely: she would not acknowledge that their intimacy was a thing of the past.

"He is a very good friend to me—I know that," said young Mosenberg, with a laugh. "He hired a piano, merely because I used to go into his rooms at night; and now he makes me play over all my most difficult music when I go in, and he sits and smokes a pipe, and pretends to like it. I do not think he does; but I have got to do it all the same; and then, afterwards, I sing for him some songs that I know he likes. Madame, I think I can surprise you."

He went suddenly to the piano, and began to sing, in a very quiet way—

"O soft be thy slumbers, by Tigh-na-linne's waters,
Thy late-wake was sung by MacDiarmid's fair daughters,
But far in Lochaber the true heart was weeping,
Whose hopes are entombed in the grave where thou'rt sleeping."

It was the lament of the young girl whose lover had been separated from her by false reports, and who died before he could get back to Lochaber when the deception was discovered. And the wild, sad air that the girl is supposed to sing seemed so strange with those new chords that this boy-musician gave it, that Sheila sat and listened to it as though it were the sound of the seas about Borva coming to her with a new voice and finding her altered and a stranger.

"I know nearly all of those Highland songs that Mr. Ingram has got," said the lad.

"I did not know he had any," Sheila said.

"Sometimes he tries to sing one himself," said the boy, with a smile, "but he does not sing very well, and he gets

vexed with himself, in fun, and flings things about the room. But you will sing some of those songs, Madame, and let me hear how they are sung in the north?"

"Some time," said Sheila; "I would rather listen just now to all you can tell me about Mr. Ingram—he is such a very old friend of mine, and I do not know how he lives."

The lad speedily discovered that there was at least one way of keeping his new and beautiful acquaintance profoundly interested; and, indeed, he went on talking until Lavender came into the room, in evening dress. It was eleven o'clock; and young Mosenberg started up with a thousand apologies and hopes that he had not detained Mrs. Lavender. No, Mrs. Lavender was not going out; her husband was going round for an hour to a ball that Mrs. Kavanagh was giving, but she preferred to stay at home.

"May I call upon you to-morrow afternoon, Madame?" said the boy, as he was leaving.

"I shall be very glad if you will," Sheila answered.

And as he went along the pavement, young Mosenberg observed to his companion that Mrs. Lavender did not seem to have gone out much, and that it was very good of her to have promised to go with him occasionally into Kensington Gardens.

"Oh, has she?" said Lavender.

"Yes," said the lad, with some surprise.

"You are lucky to be able to get her to leave the house," her husband said; "I can't."

Perhaps he had not tried so much as the words seemed to imply.

CHAPTER XVII.

GUESSES.

"MR. INGRAM," cried young Mosenberg, bursting into the room of his friend, "do you know that I have seen your Princess from the island of the Atlantic? Yes, I met her yesterday,

and I went up to the house, and I dined there, and spent all the evening there."

Ingram was not surprised, nor, apparently, much interested. He was cutting open the leaves of a quarterly review, and a freshly-filled pipe lay on the table beside him. A fire had been lit, more for cheerfulness than warmth: the shutters were shut; there was some whisky on the table; so that this small apartment seemed to have its share of bachelor's comforts.

"Well," said Ingram, quietly, "did you play for her?"

"Yes."

"And sing for her, too?"

"Yes."

"Did you play and sing your very best for her?"

"Yes, I did. But I have not told you half yet. This afternoon I went up; and she went out for a walk with me; and we went down through Kensington Gardens, and all round by the Serpentine——"

"Did she go into that parade of people?" said Ingram, looking up with some surprise.

"No," said [the lad, looking rather crestfallen, for he would have liked to have shown off Sheila to some of his friends; "she would not go—she preferred to watch the small boats on the Serpentine; and she was very kind, too, in speaking to the children, and helping them with their boats, although some people stared at her. And what is more than all these things, to-morrow night she comes with me to a concert in the St. James's Hall—yes."

"You are very fortunate," said Ingram, with a smile, for he was well pleased to hear that Sheila had taken a fancy to the boy, and was likely to find his society amusing. "But you have not told me yet what you think of her."

"What I think of her!" said the lad, pausing in a bewildered way, as if he could find no words to express his opinion of Sheila. And then he said, suddenly, "*I think she is like the Mother of God.*"

"You irreverent young rascal!" said

Ingram, lighting his pipe, "how dare you say such a thing?"

"I mean in the pictures—in the tall pictures you see in some churches abroad, far up in a half-darkness. She has the same sweet, compassionate look, and her eyes are sometimes a little sad; and when she speaks to you, you think you have known her for a long time, and that she wishes to be very kind to you. But she is not a Princess at all, as you told me. I expected to find her grand, haughty, wilful, yes; but she is much too friendly for that, and when she laughs, you see she could not sweep about a room, and stare at people. But if she was angry, or proud—perhaps then——"

"See you don't make her angry, then," said Ingram. "Now go and play over all you were practising in the morning. No!—stop a bit. Sit down and tell me something more about your experiences of Shei—of Mrs. Lavender."

Young Mosenberg laughed, and sat down.

"Do you know, Mr. Ingram, that the same thing occurred yesterday night. I was about to sing some more, or I was asking Mrs. Lavender to sing some more—I forget which—but she said to me, '*Not just now. I wish you to sit down and tell me all you know about Mr. Ingram.*'"

"And she no sooner honours you with her confidence than you carry it to everyone!" said Ingram, somewhat fearful of the boy's tongue.

"Oh, as to that," said the lad, delighted to see that his friend was a little embarrassed. "As to that, I believe she is in love with you."

"Mosenberg," said Ingram, with a flash of anger in his dark eyes, "if you were half-a-dozen years older, I would thrash the life out of you. Do you think that is a pretty sort of joke to make about a woman? Don't you know the mischief your gabbling tongue might make; for how is everyone to know that you are talking merely impertinent nonsense?"

"Oh," said the boy, audaciously, "I did not mean anything of the kind you

see in comedies or in operas, breaking up marriages, and causing duels? Oh, no. I think she is in love with you as I am in love with her: and I am, ever since yesterday."

"Well, I will say this for you," remarked Ingram, slowly, "that you are the cheekiest young beggar I have the pleasure to know. You are in love with her, are you? A lady admits you to her house, is particularly kind to you, talks to you in confidence, and then you go and tell people that you are in love with her!"

"I did not tell people," said Mosenberg, flushing under the severity of the reproof; "I told you only, and I thought you would understand what I meant. I should have told Lavender himself just as soon, yes!—only he would not care."

"How do you know?"

"Bah!" said the boy, impatiently. "Cannot one see it? You have a pretty wife—much prettier than anyone you would see at a ball at Mrs. Kavanagh's—and you leave her at home, and you go to the ball to amuse yourself."

This boy, Ingram perceived, was getting to see too clearly how matters stood. He bade him go and play some music, having first admonished him gravely about the necessity of keeping some watch and ward over his tongue. Then the pipe was re-lit; and a fury of sound arose at the other end of the room.

So Lavender, forgetful of the true-hearted girl who loved him, forgetful of his own generous instincts, forgetful of the future that his fine abilities promised, was still dangling after this alien woman; and Sheila was left at home, with her troubles and piteous yearnings and fancies as her only companions. Once upon a time, Ingram could have gone straight up to him, and admonished him, and driven him to amend his ways. But now that was impossible.

What was still possible? One wild project occurred to him for a moment, but he laughed at it, and dismissed it. It was that he should go boldly to Mrs. Lorraine herself, ask her plainly if she

knew what cruel injury she was doing to this young wife, and force her to turn Lavender adrift. But what enterprise of the days of old romance could be compared with this mad proposal? To ride up to a castle, blow a trumpet, and announce that unless a certain lady were released forthwith, death and destruction would begin—all that was simple enough, easy, and according to rule; but to go into a lady's drawing-room, without an introduction, and request her to stop a certain flirtation—that was a much more awful undertaking. But Ingram could not altogether dismiss this notion from his head. Mosenberg went on playing—no longer his practising-pieces, but all manner of airs which he knew Ingram liked; while the small sallow man with the brown beard lay in his easy-chair, and smoked his pipe, and gazed attentively at his toes on the fender.

"You know Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter, don't you, Mosenberg?" he said, during an interval in the music.

"Not much," said the boy. "They were in England only a little while before I went to Leipsic."

"I should like to know them."

"That is very easy. Mr. Lavender will introduce you to them. Mrs. Lavender said he went there very much."

"What would they do, do you think, if I went up and asked to see them?"

"The servant would ask if it was about beer or coals that you called."

A man will do much for a woman who is his friend; but to be suspected of being a brewer's traveller, to have to push one's way into a strange drawing-room, to have to confront the awful stare of the inmates, and then to have to deliver a message which they will probably consider as the very extreme of audacious and meddling impertinence! The prospect was not pleasant; and yet Ingram, as he sat and thought over it that evening, finally resolved to encounter all these dangers and wounds. He could help Sheila in no other way. He was banished from her house. Perhaps he might induce this American

girl to release her captive, and give Lavender back to his own wife. What were a few twinges of one's self-respect, or risks of a humiliating failure, compared with the possibility of befriending Sheila in some small way?

Next morning he went early in to Whitehall; and about one o'clock started off for Holland Park. He wore a tall hat, a black frock-coat, and yellow kid gloves. He went in a hansom, so that the person who opened the door should know that he was not a brewer's traveller. In this wise, he reached Mrs. Kavanagh's house, which Lavender had frequently pointed out to him in passing, about half-past one, and, with some internal tremors, but much outward calmness, went up the broad stone steps.

A small boy in buttons opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Lorraine at home?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

It was the simplest thing in the world. In a couple of seconds he found himself in a big drawing-room; and the youth had taken his card upstairs. Ingram was not very sure whether his success, so far, was due to the hansom, or to his tall hat, or to a silver-headed cane which his grandfather had brought home from India. However, here he was in the house, just like the hero of one of those fine old farces of our youth, who jumps from the street into a strange drawing-room, flirts with the maid, hides behind a screen, confronts the master, and marries his daughter all in half an hour, the most exacting unities of time and place being faithfully observed.

Presently the door was opened, and a young lady, pale and calm and sweet of face, approached him, and not only bowed to him, but held out her hand.

"I have much pleasure in making your acquaintance, Mr. Ingram," she said, gently, and somewhat slowly. "Mr. Lavender has frequently promised to bring you to see us; for he has spoken to us so much about you, that we had begun to think we already knew you. Will you come with me upstairs that I may introduce you to Manima?"

Ingram had come prepared to state

harsh truths bluntly, and was ready to meet any sort of anger or opposition with a perfect frankness of intention. But he certainly had not come prepared to find the smart-tongued and fascinating American widow of whom he had heard so much, a quiet, self-possessed, and gracious young lady, of singularly winning manners, and clear and resolutely honest eyes. Had Lavender been quite accurate or even conscientious in his garrulous talk about Mrs. Lorraine?

"If you will excuse me," said Ingram, with a smile that had less of embarrassment about it than he could have expected, "I would rather speak to you for a few minutes first. The fact is, I have come on a self-imposed errand; and that must be my apology for—*for thrusting myself—*"

"I am sure no apology is needed," said the girl. "We have always been expecting to see you. Will you sit down?"

He put his hat and his cane on the table; and as he did so, he recorded a mental resolution not to be led away by the apparent innocence and sweetness of this woman. What a fool he had been, to expect her to appear in the guise of some forward and giggling coquette, as if Frank Lavender, with all his faults, could have suffered anything like coarseness of manners! But was this woman any the less dangerous that she was refined and courteous, and had the speech and bearing of a gentlewoman?

"Mrs. Lorraine," he said, lowering his eyebrows somewhat, "I may as well be frank with you. I have come upon an unpleasant errand—an affair, indeed, which ought to be no business of mine; but sometimes, when you care a little for some one, you don't mind running the risk of being treated as an intermeddler. You know that I know Mrs. Lavender. She is an old friend of mine. She was almost a child when I knew her first; and I still have a sort of notion that she is a child, and that I should look after her, and so—and so——"

She sat quite still. There was no surprise, no alarm, no anger, when Sheila's name was mentioned. She was

merely attentive; but now, seeing that he hesitated, she said—

"I do not know what you have to say; but if it is serious, may not I ask Mamma to join us?"

"If you please, no. I would rather speak with you alone, as this matter concerns yourself only. Well, the fact is, I have seen for some time back that Mrs. Lavender is very unhappy; she is left alone; she knows no one in London; perhaps she does not care to join much in those social amusements that her husband enjoys. I say this poor girl is an old friend of mine; I cannot help trying to do something to make her less wretched; and so I have ventured to come to you to see if you could not assist me. Mr. Lavender comes very much to your house; and Sheila is left all by herself; and doubtless she begins to fancy that her husband is neglectful, perhaps indifferent to her, and may get to imagine things that are quite wrong, you know, and that could be explained away by a little kindness on your part."

Was this, then, the fashion in which Jonah had gone up to curse the wickedness of Nineveh? As he had spoken, he had been aware that those sincere, somewhat matter-of-fact, and far from unfriendly eyes that were fixed on him had undergone no change whatever. Here was no vile creature who would start up, with a guilty conscience, to repel the remotest hint of an accusation; and indeed, quite unconsciously to himself, he had been led on to ask for her help. Not that he feared her. Not that he could not have said the harshest things to her which there was any reason for saying. But somehow there seemed to be no occasion for the utterance of any cruel truths.

The wonder of it was, too, that instead of being wounded, indignant, and angry, as he had expected her to be, she betrayed a very friendly interest in Sheila, as though she herself had nothing whatever to do with the matter.

"You have undertaken a very difficult task, Mr. Ingram," she said, with a smile. "I don't think there are many married ladies in London who have a

friend who would do as much for them. And, to tell you the truth, both my mamma and myself have come to the same conclusion as yourself about Mr. Lavender. It is really too bad, the way in which he allows that pretty young thing to remain at home; for I suppose she would go more into society if he were to coax her and persuade her. We have done what we could, in sending her invitations, in calling on her, and in begging Mr. Lavender to bring her with him. But he has always some excuse for her, so that we never see her. And yet I am sure he does not mean to give her pain; for he is very proud of her, and madly extravagant wherever she is concerned, and sometimes he takes sudden fits of trying to please her and be kind to her that are quite odd in their way. Can you tell me what we should do?"

Ingram looked at her for a moment, and said, gravely and slowly—

"Before we talk any more about that, I must clear my conscience. I believe that I have done you a wrong. I came here prepared to accuse you of drawing away Mr. Lavender from his wife, of seeking amusement and perhaps some social distinction by keeping him continually dangling after you; and I meant to reproach you, or even threaten you, until you promised never to see him again."

A quick flush, partly of shame and partly of annoyance, sprang to the fair and pale face; but she answered, calmly—

"It is perhaps as well that you did not tell me this a few minutes ago. May I ask what has led you to change your opinion of me, if it has changed?"

"Of course it has changed," he said, promptly and emphatically. "I can see that I did you a great injury; and I apologize for it, and beg your forgiveness. But when you ask me what has led me to change my opinion, what am I to say? Your manner, perhaps, more than what you have said, has convinced me that I was wrong."

"Perhaps you are again mistaken," she said, coldly; "you get rapidly to conclusions."

"The reproof is just," he said. "You are quite right. I have made a blunder; there is no mistake about it."

"But do you think it was fair," she said, with some spirit, "do you think it was fair to believe all this harm about a woman you had never seen? Now, listen. A hundred times I have begged Mr. Lavender to be more attentive to his wife—not in these words, of course, but as directly as I could. Mamma has given parties, made arrangements for visits, drives, and all sorts of things, to tempt Mrs. Lavender to come to us, and all in vain. Of course, you can't thrust yourself on anyone like that. Though Mamma and myself like Mrs. Lavender very well, it is asking too much that we should encounter the humiliation of intermeddling—"

Here she stopped suddenly, with the least show of embarrassment. Then she said, frankly—

"You are an old friend of hers. It is very good of you to have risked so much for the sake of that girl. There are very few gentlemen whom one meets who would do as much."

Ingram could say nothing, and was a little impatient with himself. Was he to be first reprov'd, and then treated with an indulgent kindness, by a mere girl?

"Mamma," said Mrs. Lorraine, as an elderly lady entered the room, "let me introduce to you Mr. Ingram, whom you must already know. He proposes we should join in some conspiracy to inveigle Mrs. Lavender into society, and make the poor little thing amuse herself."

"Little!" said Mrs. Kavanagh, with a smile; "she is a good deal taller than you are, my dear. But I am afraid, Mr. Ingram, you have undertaken a hopeless task. Will you stay to luncheon and talk it over with us?"

"I hope you will," said Mrs. Lorraine; and naturally enough he consented.

Luncheon was just ready. As they were going into the room on the opposite side of the hall, the younger lady said to Ingram, in a quiet undertone, but with much indifference of manner—

"You know, if you think I ought to give up Mr. Lavender's acquaintance altogether, I will do so at once. But perhaps that will not be necessary."

So this was the house in which Sheila's husband spent so much of his time; and these were the two ladies of whom so much had been said and surmised. There were three of Lavender's pictures on the walls of the dining-room; and as Ingram inadvertently glanced at them, Mrs. Lorraine said to him—

"Don't you think it is a pity Mr. Lavender should continue drawing those imaginative sketches of heads? I do not think, myself, that he does himself justice in that way. Some bits of landscape, now, that I have seen, seemed to me to have quite a definite character about them, and promised far more than anything else of his I have seen."

"That is precisely what I think," said Ingram, partly amused and partly annoyed to find that this girl, with her clear grey eyes, her soft and musical voice, and her singular delicacy of manner, had an evil trick of saying the very things he would himself have said, and leaving him with nothing but a helpless "yes."

"I think he ought to have given up his club when he married. Most English gentlemen do that when they marry, do they not?" said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Some," said Ingram. "But a good deal of nonsense is talked about the influence of clubs in that way. It is really absurd to suppose that the size or the shape of a building can alter a man's moral character——"

"It does, though," said Mrs. Lorraine, confidently. "I can tell directly if a gentleman has been accustomed to spend his time in clubs. When he is surprised, or angry, or impatient, you can perceive blanks in his conversation, which in a club, I suppose, would be filled up. Don't you know poor old Colonel Hannen's way of talking, Mamma? This old gentleman, Mr. Ingram, is very fond of speaking to you about political liberty, and the rights of conscience; and he generally becomes so confused, that he gets vexed with him-

self, and makes odd pauses, as if he were invariably addressing himself in very rude language indeed. Sometimes you would think he was like a railway-engine, going blindly and helplessly on through a thick and choking mist; and you can see that, if there were no ladies present, he would let off a few crackers—fog-signals, as it were—just to bring himself up a bit, and let people know where he was. Then he will go on again, talking away, until you fancy yourself in a tunnel, with a throbbing noise in your ears, and all the daylight shut out, and you perhaps getting to wish that on the whole you were dead."

"Cecilia!"

"I beg your pardon, Mamma," said the younger lady, with a quiet smile; "you look so surprised, that Mr. Ingram will give me credit for not often erring in that way. You look as though a hare had turned and attacked you."

"That would give most people a fright," said Ingram, with a laugh. He was rapidly forgetting the object of his mission. The almost childish softness of voice of this girl, and the perfect composure with which she uttered little sayings that showed considerable sharpness of observation, and a keen enjoyment of the grotesque, had an odd sort of fascination for him. He totally forgot that Lavender had been fascinated by it too. If he had been reminded of the fact at this moment, he would have said that the boy had, as usual, got sentimental about a pretty pair of big grey eyes and fine profile, while he, Ingram, was possessed by nothing but a purely intellectual admiration of certain fine qualities of brightness, sincerity of speech, and womanly shrewdness.

Luncheon, indeed, was over before any mention was made of the Lavenders; and when they returned to that subject, it appeared to Ingram that their relations had in the meantime got to be very friendly, and that they were really discussing this matter as if they formed a little family conclave.

"I have told Mr. Ingram, Mamma," Mrs. Lorraine said, "that so far as I am concerned, I will do whatever he

thinks I ought to do. Mr. Lavender has been a friend of ours for some time ; and of course he cannot be treated with rudeness or incivility ; but if we are wounding the feelings of anyone by asking him to come here—and he certainly has visited us pretty often—why, it would be easy to lessen the number of his calls. Is that what we should do, Mr. Ingram ? You would not have us quarrel with him ?”

“Especially,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, with a smile, “that there is no certainty he will spend more of his time with his wife merely because he spends less of it here. And yet I fancy he is a very good-natured man.”

“He is very good-natured,” said Ingram, with decision. “I have known him for years, and I know that he is exceedingly unselfish, that he would do ridiculously generous things to serve a friend, and that a better-intentioned fellow does not breathe in the world. But he is at times, I admit, very thoughtless and inconsiderate—”

“That sort of good-nature,” said Mrs. Lorraine, in her gentlest voice, “is very good in its way, but rather uncertain. So long as it shines in one direction, it is all right, and quite trustworthy ; for you want a hard brush to brush sunlight off a wall. But when the sunlight shifts, you know—”

“The wall is left in the cold. Well,” said Ingram, “I am afraid it is impossible for me to dictate to you what you ought to do. I do not wish to draw you into any interference between husband and wife, or even to let Mr. Lavender know that you think he is not treating Shei—Mrs. Lavender—properly. But if you were to hint to him that he ought to pay some attention to her—that he should not be going everywhere as if he were a young bachelor in chambers ; if you would discourage his coming to see you without bringing her also, and so forth—surely he would see what you mean. Perhaps I ask too much of you ; but I had intended to ask more. The fact is, Mrs. Kavanagh, I had done your daughter the injustice of supposing—”

“I thought we had agreed to say no more about that,” said Mrs. Lorraine, quickly ; and Ingram was silent.

Half an hour thereafter he was walking back through Holland Park, through the warm light of an autumn afternoon. The place seemed much changed since he had seen it a couple of hours before. The double curve of big houses had a more friendly and hospitable look ; the very air seemed to be more genial and comfortable since he had driven up here in the hansom.

Perhaps Mr. Ingram was at this moment a little more perturbed, pleased, and bewildered than he would have liked to confess. He had discovered a great deal in these two hours ; been much surprised and fascinated ; and had come away fairly stupefied with the result of his mission. He had, indeed, been successful : Lavender would now find a different welcome awaiting him in the house in which he had been spending nearly all his time, to the neglect of his wife. But the fact is, that as Edward Ingram went rapidly over in his own mind everything that had occurred since his entrance into that house ; as he anxiously recalled the remarks made to him, the tone and looks accompanying them, and his own replies, it was not of Lavender's affairs alone that he thought. He confessed to himself frankly that he had never yet met any woman who had so surprised him into admiration on their first meeting.

Yet what had she said ? Nothing very particular. Was it the bright intelligence of the grey eyes, that seemed to see everything he meant with an instant quickness, and that seemed to agree with him even before he spoke ? He reflected, now that he was in the open air, that he must have persecuted these two women dreadfully. In getting away from Lavender's affairs, they had touched on pictures, books, and what not—on the young poet who was playing Alfred de Musset in England ; on the great philosopher who had gone into the House to confuse and bewilder the country gentlemen there—on all sorts of topics, indeed, except those which, as

Ingram had anticipated, such a creature as Mrs. Lorraine would naturally have found interesting. And he had to confess to himself that he had lectured his two helpless victims most unmercifully. He was quite conscious that he sometimes laid down the law in an authoritative and even sententious manner. On first going into the house, certain things said by Mrs. Lorraine had almost surprised him into a mood of mere acquiescence; but after luncheon he had assumed his ordinary manner of tutor in general to the universe, and had informed those two women, in a distinct fashion, what their opinions ought to be on half the social conundrums of the day.

He now reflected, with much compunction, that this was highly improper. He ought to have asked about flower-shows; and inquired whether the Princess of Wales was looking well of late. Some reference to the last Parisian comedy might have introduced a disquisition on the new greys and greens of the French milliners, with a passing mention made of the price paid for a pair of ponies by a certain Marquise unattached. He had not spoken of one of these things; perhaps he could not, if he had tried. He remembered, with an awful consciousness of guilt, that he had actually discoursed of woman suffrage, of the public conscience of New York, of the extirpation of the Indians, and a dozen different things, not only taking no heed of any opinions that his audience of two might hold, but insisting on their accepting his opinions as the expression of absolute and incontrovertible truth.

He became more and more dissatisfied with himself. If he could only go back, now, he would be much more wary, more submissive and complaisant, more anxious to please. What right had he to abuse the courtesy and hospitality of these two strangers, and lecture them on the Constitution of their own country? He was annoyed beyond expression that they had listened to him with so much patience.

And yet he could not have seriously offended them; for they had earnestly

besought him to dine with them on the following Tuesday evening, to meet an American judge; and, when he had consented, Mrs. Lorraine had written down on a card the date and hour, lest he should forget. He had that card in his pocket: surely he could not have offended them? If he had pursued this series of questions, he might have gone on to ask himself why he should be so anxious not to have offended these two new friends. He was not ordinarily very sensitive to the opinions that might be formed of him—more especially by persons living out of his own sphere, with whom he was not likely to associate. He did not, indeed, as a general rule, suffer himself to be perturbed about anything; and yet, as he went along the busy thoroughfare at this moment, he was conscious that rarely in his life had he been so ill at ease.

Something now occurred that startled him out of his reverie. Communing with himself, he was staring blankly ahead, taking little note of the people whom he saw. But somehow, in a vague and dream-like way, he seemed to become aware that there was some one in front of him—a long way ahead as yet—whom he knew. He was still thinking of Mrs. Lorraine, and unconsciously postponing the examination of this approaching figure, or rather pair of figures, when, with a sudden start, he found Sheila's sad and earnest eyes fixed upon him. He woke up as from a dream. He saw that young Mosenberg was with her; and naturally the boy would have approached Ingram, and stopped, and spoken. But Ingram paid no attention to him. He was, with a quick pang at his heart, regarding Sheila, with the knowledge that on her rested the cruel decision as to whether she should come forward to him or not. He was not aware that her husband had forbidden her to have any communication with him; yet he had guessed as much, partly from his knowledge of Lavender's impatient disposition, and partly from the glance he caught of her eyes when he woke up from his trance.

Young Mosenberg turned with sur-

prise to his companion. She was passing on ; he did not even see that she had bowed to Ingram, with a face flushed with shame and pain, and with eyes cast down. Ingram, too, was passing on, without even shaking hands with her, or uttering a word. Mosenberg was too bewildered to attempt any protest ; he merely followed Sheila, with a conviction that something desperate had occurred, and that he would best consult her feelings by making no reference to it.

But that one look that the girl had directed to her old friend, before she bowed and passed on, had filled him with dismay and despair. It was somehow like the piteous look of a wounded animal, incapable of expressing its pain. All thoughts and fancies of his own little vexations or embarrassments were instantly banished from him ; he could only see before him those sad and piteous eyes, full of kindness to him, he thought, and of grief that she should be debarred from speaking to him, and of resignation to her own lot.

Gwdyr House did not get much work out of him that day. He sat in a small room in a back part of the building, looking out on a lonely little square, silent and ruddy with the reflected light of the sunset.

"A hundred Mrs. Lorraines," he was thinking to himself, bitterly enough, "will not save my poor Sheila. She will die of a broken heart. I can see it in her face. And it is I who have done it—from first to last it is I who have done it ; and now I can do nothing to help her."

That became the burden and refrain of all his reflections. It was he who had done this frightful thing. It was he who had taken away the young Highland girl—his good Sheila—from her home ; and ruined her life and broken her heart. And he could do nothing to help her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHEILA'S STRATAGEM.

"We met Mr. Ingram to-day," said young Mosenberg, ingenuously.

He was dining with Lavender, not at home, but at a certain club in St. James's Street ; and either his curiosity was too great, or he had forgotten altogether Ingram's warnings to him that he should hold his tongue.

"Oh, did you ?" said Lavender, showing no great interest. "Waiter, some French mustard. What did Ingram say to you ?"

The question was asked with much apparent indifference ; and the boy stared.

"Well," he said, at length, "I suppose there is some misunderstanding between Mrs. Lavender and Mr. Ingram, for they both saw each other, and they both passed on without speaking ; I was very sorry, yes. I thought they were friends. I thought Mr. Ingram knew Mrs. Lavender even before you did ; but they did not speak to each other, not one word."

Lavender was in one sense pleased to hear this. He liked to hear that his wife was obedient to him. But, he said to himself, with a sharp twinge of conscience, she was carrying her obedience too far. He had never meant that she should not even speak to her old friend. He would show Sheila that he was not unreasonable. He would talk to her about it as soon as he got home, and in as kindly a way as was possible.

Mosenberg did not play billiards, but they remained late in the billiard-room, Lavender playing pool, and getting out of it rather successfully. He could not speak to Sheila that night ; but next morning, before going out, he did.

"Sheila," he said, "Mosenberg told me last night that you met Mr. Ingram, and did not speak to him. Now, I didn't mean anything like that. You must not think me unreasonable. All I want is, that he shall not interfere with our affairs and try to raise some unpleasantness between you and me, such as might arise from the interference of even the kindest of friends. When you meet him outside, or at anyone's house, I hope you will speak to him just as usual." Sheila replied, calmly—

"If I am not allowed to receive Mr.

Ingram here, I cannot treat him as a friend elsewhere. I would rather not have friends whom I can only speak to in the streets."

"Very well," said Lavender, wincing under the rebuke, but fancying that she would soon repent her of this resolve. In the meantime, if she would have it so, she should have it so.

So that was an end of this question of Mr. Ingram's interference for the present. But very soon—in a couple of days, indeed—Lavender perceived the change that had been wrought in the house in Holland Park to which he had been accustomed to resort.

"Cecilia," Mrs. Kavanagh had said, on Ingram's leaving, "you must not be rude to Mr. Lavender."

She knew the perfect independence of that gentle young lady, and was rather afraid it might carry her too far.

"Of course I shall not be, Mamma," Mrs. Lorraine had said. "Did you ever hear of such a courageous act as that man coming up to two strangers and challenging them all on behalf of a girl married to some one else? You know that was the meaning of his visit. He thought I was flirting with Mr. Lavender, and keeping him from his wife. I wonder how many men there are in London who would have walked twenty yards to help in such a matter."

"My dear, he may have been in love with that pretty young lady before she was married."

"Oh no," said the clear-eyed daughter, quietly, but quite confidently. "He would not be so ready to show his interest in her, if that were so. Either he would be modest, and ashamed of his rejection; or vain, and attempt to make a mystery about it."

"Perhaps you are right," said the mother: she seldom found her daughter wrong on such points.

"I am sure I am right, Mamma. He talks about her as fondly, and frequently, and openly, as a man might talk about his own daughter. Besides, you can see he is talking honestly. That man couldn't deceive a child if he were to try. You see everything in his face."

"You seem to have been much interested in him," said Mrs. Kavanagh, with no appearance of sarcasm.

"Well, I don't think I meet such men often, and that is the truth. Do you?"

This was carrying the war into the enemy's country.

"I like him very well," said Mrs. Kavanagh. "I think he is honest. I do not think he dresses very carefully; and he is perhaps too intent on convincing you that his opinions are right."

"Well, for my part," said her daughter, with just the least tinge of warmth in her manner, "I confess I like a man who has opinions, and who is not afraid to say so. I don't find many who have. And as for his dressing, one gets rather tired of men who come to you every evening to impress you with the excellence of their tailor. As if women were to be captured by millinery! Don't we know the value of linen and woollen fabrics?"

"My dear child, you are throwing away your vexation on some one whom I don't know. It isn't Mr. Lavender?"

"Oh dear, no! He is not so silly as that: he dresses well, but there is perfect freedom about his dress. He is too much of an artist to sacrifice himself to his clothes."

"I am glad you have a good word for him at last. I think you have been rather hard on him since Mr. Ingram called; and that is the reason I asked you to be careful."

She was quite careful, but as explicit as good manners would allow. Mrs. Lorraine was most particular in asking about Mrs. Lavender, and in expressing her regret that they so seldom saw her.

"She has been brought up in the country, you know," said Lavender, with a smile; "and there the daughters of a house are taught a number of domestic duties that they would consider it a sin to neglect. She would be unhappy if you caused her to neglect them; she would take her pleasure with a bad conscience."

"But she cannot be occupied with them all day."

"My dear Mrs. Lorraine, how often have we discussed the question! And you know you have me at a disadvantage; for how can I describe to you what those mysterious duties are! I only know that she is pretty nearly always busy with something or other; and in the evening, of course, she is generally too tired to think of going out anywhere."

"Oh, but you must try to get her out. Next Tuesday, now, Judge — is going to dine with us, and you know how amusing he is. If you have no other engagement, couldn't you bring Mrs. Lavender to dine with us on that evening?"

Now, on former occasions, something of the same sort of invitation had frequently been given; and it was generally answered by Lavender giving an excuse for his wife, and promising to come himself. What was his astonishment to find Mrs. Lorraine plainly, and most courteously, intimating that the invitation was addressed distinctly to Mr. and Mrs. Lavender as a couple. When he regretted that Mrs. Lavender could not come, she said, quietly—

"Oh, I am so sorry! You would have met an old friend of yours here, as well as the Judge—Mr. Ingram."

Lavender made no further sign of surprise or curiosity than to lift his eyebrows, and say—

"Indeed!"

But when he left the house, certain dark suspicions were troubling his mind. Nothing had been said as to the manner in which Ingram had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter; but there was that in Mrs. Lorraine's manner which convinced Lavender that something had happened. Had Ingram carried his interference to the extent of complaining to them? Had he overcome a repugnance which he had repeatedly admitted, and thrust himself upon these two people for this very purpose of making him, Lavender, odious and contemptible? Lavender's cheeks burned as he thought of this possibility. Mrs. Lorraine had been most courteous to him; but the longer he dwelt on

these vague surmises, the deeper grew his consciousness that he had been turned out of the place, morally if not physically. What was that excess of courtesy but a cloak? If she had meant less, she would have been more careless; and all through the interview he had remarked that, instead of the free warfare of talk that generally went on between them, Mrs. Lorraine was most formally polite, and apparently watchful of her words.

He went home in a passion, which was all the more consuming that it could not be vented on anyone. As Sheila had not spoken to Ingram—as she had even nerved herself to wound him by passing him without notice in the street—she could not be held responsible; and yet he wished that he could have upbraided someone for this mischief that had been done. Should he go straight down to Ingram's lodgings, and have it out with him? At first he was strongly inclined to do so; but wiser counsels prevailed. Ingram had a keen and ready tongue; and a way of saying things that made them rankle afterwards in the memory. Besides, he would go into court with a defective case. He could say nothing, unless Ingram admitted that he had tried to poison the mind of Mrs. Lorraine against him; and, of course, if there was a quarrel, who would be so foolish as to make such an admission? Ingram would laugh at him; would refuse to admit or deny; would increase his anger without affording him an opportunity of revenging himself.

Sheila could see that her husband was troubled, but could not divine the cause, and had long ago given up any habit of inquiry. He ate his dinner almost in silence, and then said he had to make a call on a friend, and that he would perhaps drop in to the club on his way home, so that she was not to sit up for him. She was not surprised or hurt at the announcement. She was accustomed to spend her evenings alone. She fetched down his cigar-case, put it in his top-coat pocket, and brought him the coat. Then he kissed her, and went out.

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But this evening, at least, she had abundant occupation, and that of a sufficiently pleasant kind. For some little time she had been harbouring in her mind a dark and mysterious plot, and she was glad of an opportunity to think it out and arrange its details. Mairi was coming to London; and she had carefully concealed the fact from her husband. A little surprise, of a dramatic sort, was to be prepared for him; with what result, who could tell? All of a sudden Lavender was to be precipitated into the island of Lewis as nearly as that could be imitated in a house at Notting Hill.

This was Sheila's scheme, and on these lonely evenings she could sit by herself with much satisfaction and ponder over the little points of it and its possible success. Mairi was coming to London under the escort of a worthy Glasgow fishmonger whom Mr. Mackenzie knew. She would arrive after Lavender had left for his studio. Then she and Sheila would set to work to transform the smoking-room, that was sometimes called a library, into something resembling the quaint little drawing-room in Sheila's home. Mairi was bringing up a quantity of heather gathered fresh from the rocks beside the White Water; she was bringing up some peacocks' feathers, too, for the mantelpiece, and two or three big shells; and, best of all, she was to put in her trunk a real and veritable lump of peat, well dried and easy to light. Then you must know that Sheila had already sketched out the meal that was to be placed on the table, so soon as the room had been done up in Highland fashion, and this peat lit, so as to send its fragrant smoke abroad. A large salmon was to make its appearance first of all. There would be bottles of beer on the table; also one of those odd bottles of Norwegian make, filled with whisky. And when Lavender went with wonder into this small room, when he smelt the fragrant peat-smoke—and everyone knows how powerful the sense of smell is in recalling bygone associations—when he saw the smoking salmon, and the bot-

tled beer, and the whisky—and when he suddenly found Mairi coming into the room, and saying to him, in her sweet Highland fashion, "And are you ferry well, sir?"—would not his heart warm to the old ways and kindly homeliness of the house in Borva, and would not some glimpse of the happy and half-forgotten time that was now so sadly and strangely remote, cause him to break down that barrier between himself and Sheila that this artificial life in the South had placed there?

So the child dreamed; and was happy in dreaming of it. Sometimes she grew afraid of her project; she had not had much experience in deception, and the mere concealment of Mairi's coming was a hard thing to bear. But surely her husband would take this trick in good part. It was only, after all, a joke. To put a little barbaric splendour of decoration into the quiet little smoking-room; to have a scent of peat-smoke in the air; and to have a timid, sweet-voiced, pretty Highland girl suddenly make her appearance, with an odour of the sea about her, as it were, and a look of fresh breezes in the colour of her cheeks—what mortal man could find fault with this innocent jest? Sheila's moments of doubt were succeeded by long hours of joyous confidence, in which a happy light shone on her face. She went through the house with a brisk step; she sang to herself as she went; she was kinder than ever to the small children who came into the Square every forenoon, and whose acquaintance she had very speedily made; she gave each of her crossing-sweepers threepence instead of twopence in passing. The servants had never seen her in such good spirits; she was exceptionally generous in presenting them with articles of attire; they might have had half the week in holidays if Mr. Lavender had not to be attended to. A small gentleman of three years of age lived next door, and his acquaintance also she had made, by means of his nurse. At this time his stock of toys, which Sheila had kept carefully renewed, became so big, that

he might, with proper management, have set up a stall in the Lowther Arcade.

Just before she left Lewis, her father had called her to him, and said—

"Sheila, I was wanting to tell you about something. It is not everyone that will care to hef his money given away to poor folk, and it wass many a time I said to myself that when you were married maybe your husband would think you were giving too much money to the poor folk, as you wass doing in Borva. And it iss this fifty pounds I hef got for you, Sheila, in ten bank-notes, and you will take them with you for your own money, that you will not hef any trouble about giving things to people. And when the fifty pounds will be done, I will send you another fifty pounds, and it will be no difference to me whatever. And if there is anyone in Borva you would be for sending money to, there is your own money; for there is many a one would take the money from Sheila Mackenzie that would not be for taking it from an English stranger in London. And when you will send it to them, you will send it to me; and I will tek it to them, and I will tell them that this money is from my Sheila, and from no one else whatever."

This was all the dowry that Sheila carried with her to the South. Mackenzie would willingly have given her half his money, if she would have taken it, or if her husband had desired it; but the old King of Borva had profound and far-reaching schemes in his head about the small fortune he might otherwise have accorded to his daughter. This wealth, such as it was, was to be a magnet to draw this young English gentleman back to the Hebrides. It was all very well for Mr. Lavender to have plenty of money at present; he might not always have it. Then the time would come for Mackenzie to say, "Look here, young man; I can support myself easily and comfortably by my farming and fishing. The money I have saved is at your disposal, so long as you consent to remain in Lewis—in Stornoway, if you please—elsewhere if you

please—only in Lewis. And while you are painting pictures, and making as much money as you can that way, you can have plenty of fishing, and shooting, and amusement; and my guns and boats and rods are all at your service." Mr. Mackenzie considered that no man could resist such an offer.

Sheila, of course, told her husband of the sum of money she owned; and for a long time it was a standing joke between them. He addressed her with much respect, and was careful to inform her of the fluctuations of the money-market. Sometimes he borrowed a sovereign of her; and never without giving her an I O U, which was faithfully reclaimed. But by and by she perceived that he grew less and less to like the mention of this money. Perhaps it resembled too closely the savings which the over-cautious folks about Borvabost would not entrust to a bank, but kept hidden about their huts in the heel of a stocking. At all events, Sheila saw that her husband did not like her to go to this fund for her charities; and so the fifty pounds that her father had given her lasted a long time. During this period of jubilation, in which she looked forward to touching her husband's heart by an innocent little stratagem, more frequent appeals were made to the drawer in which the treasure was locked up, so that in the end her private dowry was reduced to thirty pounds.

If Ingram could have but taken part in this plan of hers! The only regret that was mingled with her anticipations of a happier future concerned this faithful friend of hers, who seemed to have been cut off from them for ever. And it soon became apparent to her that her husband, so far from inclining to forget the misunderstanding that had arisen between Ingram and himself, seemed to feel increased resentment, inasmuch that she was most careful to avoid mentioning his name.

She was soon to meet him, however. Lavender was resolved that he would not appear to have retired from the field, merely because Ingram had entered it. He would go to this dinner on the

Tuesday evening, and Sheila would accompany him. First he asked her. Much as she would have preferred not visiting these particular people, she cheerfully acquiesced: she was not going to be churlish or inconsiderate on the very eve of her dramatic *coup*. Then he went to Mrs. Lorraine, and said he had persuaded Sheila to come with them; and the young American lady and her mamma were good enough to say how glad they were she had come to this decision. They appeared to take it for granted that it was Sheila alone who had declined former invitations.

"Mr. Ingram will be there on Tuesday evening," said Lavender to his wife.

"I was not aware he knew them," said Sheila, remembering, indeed, how scrupulously Ingram had refused to know them.

"He has made their acquaintance for his own purposes, doubtless," said Lavender. "I suppose he will appear in a frock-coat, with a bright blue tie, and he will say 'Sir' to the waiters when he does not understand them."

"I thought you said Mr. Ingram belonged to a very good family," said Sheila, quietly.

"That is so. But each man is responsible for his own manners; and as all the society he sees consists of a cat and some wooden pipes, in a couple of dingy rooms in Sloane-street, you can't expect him not to make an ass of himself."

"I have never seen him make himself ridiculous: I do not think it possible," said Sheila, with a certain precision of speech which Lavender had got to know meant much. "But that is a matter for himself. Perhaps you will tell me what I am to do when I meet him at Mrs. Kavanagh's house."

"Of course, you must meet him as you would anyone else you know. If you don't wish to speak to him, you need not do so. Saying 'Good evening' costs nothing."

"If he takes me in to dinner?" she asked, calmly.

"Then you must talk to him as

you would to any stranger," he said, impatiently. "Ask him if he has been to the opera, and he won't know there is no opera going on. Tell him that town is very full, and he won't know that everybody has left. Say you may meet him again at Mrs. Kavanagh's, and you'll see that he doesn't know they mean to start for the Tyrol in a fortnight. I think you and I must also be settling soon where we mean to go. I don't think we could do better than go to the Tyrol."

She did not answer. It was clear that he had given up all intention of going up to Lewis, for that year at least. But she would not beg him to alter his decision just yet. Mairi was coming; and that experiment of the enchanted room had still to be tried.

As they drove round to Mrs. Kavanagh's house on that Tuesday evening, she thought, with much bitterness of heart, of the possibility of her having to meet Mr. Ingram in the fashion her husband had suggested. Would it not be better, if he did take her in to dinner, to throw herself entirely on his mercy, and ask him not to talk to her at all? She would address herself, when there was a chance, to her neighbour on the other side: if she remained silent altogether, no great harm would be done.

When she went into the drawing-room, her first glance round was for him, and he was the first person whom she saw. For, instead of withdrawing into a corner to make one neighbour the victim of his shyness, or concealing his embarrassment in studying the photographic albums, Mr. Ingram was coolly standing on the hearthrug, with both hands in his trousers' pockets, while he was engaged in giving the American Judge a great deal of authoritative information about America. The Judge was a tall, fair, stout, good-natured man, fond of joking and a good dinner; and he was content at this moment to sit quietly in an easy-chair, with a pleasant smile on his face, and be lectured about his own country by this sallow little man, whom he took to be a Professor

of Modern History at some University or other.

Ingram, as soon as he found that Sheila was in the room, relieved her from any doubt as to his intentions. He merely came forward, shook hands with her, said, "How do you do, Mrs. Lavender?" and went back to the Judge. She might have been an acquaintance of yesterday, or a friend of twenty years' standing: no one could tell by his manner. As for Sheila, she parted with his hand reluctantly. She tried to look, too, what she dared not say; but whatever of regret, and kindness, and assurance of friendship was in her eyes, he did not see. He scarcely glanced at her face; he went off at once, and plunged again into the Cincinnati Convention.

Mrs. Kavanagh and Mrs. Lorraine were exceedingly and almost obtrusively kind to her; but she scarcely heard what they said to her. It seemed so strange and so sad to her that her old friend should be standing near her, and she so far removed from him that she dared not go and speak to him. She could not understand it sometimes—everything around her seemed to get confused, until she felt as if she were sinking in a great sea, and could utter but one despairing cry as she saw the light disappear above her head. When they went in to dinner, she saw that Mr. Ingram's seat was on Mrs. Lorraine's right hand; and although she could hear him speak, as he was almost right opposite to her, it seemed to her that his voice sounded as if it were far away. The man who had taken her in was a tall, brown-whiskered, and faultlessly-dressed person who never spoke; so that she was allowed to sit and listen to the conversation between Mrs. Lorraine and Ingram. They appeared to be on excellent terms. You would have fancied they had known each other for years. And as Sheila sat and saw how pre-occupied and pleased with his companion Mr. Ingram was, perhaps now and again the bitter question arose to her mind, whether this woman, who had taken away her husband, was seeking

to take away her friend also. Sheila knew nothing of all that had happened within these past few days. She knew only that she was alone—without either husband or friend; and it seemed to her that this pale American girl had taken both away from her.

Ingram was in one of his happiest moods, and was seeking to prove to Mrs. Lorraine that this present dinner-party ought to be an especially pleasant one. Everybody was going away somewhere; and, of course, she must know that the expectation of travelling was much more delightful than the reality of it. What could surpass the sense of freedom, of power, of hope enjoyed by the happy folks who sat down to an open atlas, and began to sketch out routes for their coming holidays? Where was he going? Oh, he was going to the North. Had Mrs. Lorraine never seen Edinburgh Castle rising out of a grey fog, like the ghost of some great building belonging to the times of Arthurian romance? Had she never seen the northern twilights, and the awful gloom and wild colours of Loch Coruisk and the Skye hills? There was no holiday-making so healthy, so free from restraint, as that among the far Highland hills and glens, where the clear mountain air, scented with miles and miles of heather, seemed to produce a sort of intoxication of good spirits within one. Then the yachting round the wonderful islands of the West—the rapid runs of a bright forenoon, the shooting of the wild sea-birds, the scrambled dinners in the small cabin, the still nights in the small harbours, with a scent of sea-weed abroad, and the white stars shining down on the trembling water. Yes, he was going yachting this autumn—in about a fortnight he hoped to start. His friend was at present away up Loch Boisdale, in South Uist, and he did not know how to get there except by going to Skye, and taking his chance of some boat going over. Where would they go then? He did not know. Wherever his friend liked. It would be enough for him if they kept moving about, seeing the strange sights of the sea, and the air,

and the lonely shores of those northern islands. Perhaps they might even try to reach St. Kilda——

"Oh, Mr. Ingram, won't you go and see my papa!"

The cry that suddenly reached him was like the cry of a broken heart. He started as from a trance, and found Sheila regarding him with a piteous appeal in her face; she had been listening intently to all he had said.

"Oh yes, Sheila," he said, kindly, and quite forgetting that he was speaking to her before strangers; "of course I must go and see your papa, if we are any way near the Lewis. Perhaps you may be there then?"

"No," said Sheila, looking down.

"Won't you go to the Highlands this autumn?" Mrs. Lorraine asked, in a friendly way.

"No," said Sheila, in a measured voice, as she looked her enemy fair in the face; "I think we are going to the Tyrol."

If the child had only known what occurred to Mrs. Lorraine's mind at this moment! Not a triumphant sense of Lavender's infatuation, as Sheila probably fancied; but a very definite resolution that, if Frank Lavender went to the Tyrol, it was not with either her or her mother he should go.

"Mrs. Lavender's father is an old friend of mine," said Ingram, loud enough for all to hear; "and hospitable as all Highlanders are, I have never met his equal in that way, and I have tried his patience a good many times. What do you think, Mrs. Lorraine, of a man who would give up his best gun to you, even though you couldn't shoot a bit, and he particularly proud of his shooting? And so if you lived with him for a month or six months—each day the best of everything for you, the second-best for your friend, the worst for himself. Wasn't it so, Lavender?"

It was a direct challenge sent across the table; and Sheila's heart beat quick, lest her husband should say something ungracious.

"Yes, certainly," said Lavender, with a readiness that pleased Sheila; "I at

least have no right to complain of his hospitality."

"Your papa is a very handsome man," said Mrs. Lorraine to Sheila, bringing the conversation back to their own end of the table. "I have seen few finer heads than that drawing you have. Mr. Lavender did that, did he not? Why has he never done one of you?"

"He is too busy, I think, just now," Sheila said; perhaps not knowing that from Mrs. Lorraine's waist-belt at that moment depended a fan which might have given evidence as to the extreme scarcity of time under which Lavender was supposed to labour.

"He has a splendid head," said Ingram. "Did you know that he is called the King of Borva up there?"

"I have heard of him being called the King of Thule," said Mrs. Lorraine, turning with a smile to Sheila, "and of his daughter being styled a Princess. Do you know the ballad of the King of Thule in 'Faust,' Mrs. Lavender?"

"In the opera?—yes," said Sheila.

"Will you sing it for us after dinner?"

"If you like."

The promise was fulfilled, in a fashion. The notion that Mr. Ingram was about to go away up to Lewis, to the people who knew her, and to her father's house, with no possible answer to the questions which would certainly be showered upon him as to why she had not come also, troubled Sheila deeply. The ladies went into the drawing-room, and Mrs. Lorraine got out the song. Sheila sat down to the piano, thinking far more of that small stone house at Borva than of the King of Thule's castle overlooking the sea; and yet somehow the first lines of the song, though she knew them well enough, sent a pang to her heart as she glanced at them. She touched the first notes of the accompaniment, and she looked at the words again.

*"Over the sea in Thule of old
Reigned a King who was true-hearted,
Who, in remembrance of one departed——"*

A mist came over her eyes. Was she the one who had departed, leaving

the old King in his desolate house by the sea, where he could only think of her as he sat in his solitary chamber, with the night winds howling round the shore outside? When her birthday had come round, she knew that he must have silently drunk to her, though not out of a beaker of gold. And now, when mere friends and acquaintances were free to speed away to the North, and get a welcome from the folks in Borva, and listen to the Atlantic waves dashing lightly in among the rocks, her hope of getting thither had almost died out. Among such people as landed on Stornoway quay from the big *Clansman*, her father would seek one face, and seek it in vain. And Duncan, and Scarlett, and even John the Piper—all the well-remembered folks who lived far away across the Minch—they would ask why Miss Sheila was never coming back. Mrs. Lorraine had been standing aside from the piano. Noticing that Sheila had played the introduction to the song twice over, in an undetermined manner, she came forward a step or two, and pretended to be looking at the music. Tears were running down Sheila's face. Mrs. Lorraine put her hand on the girl's shoulder, and sheltered her from observation, and said aloud—

"You have it in a different key, have you not? Pray don't sing it. Sing something else. Do you know any of Gounod's sacred songs? Let me see if we can find anything for you in this volume."

They were a long time finding anything in that volume. When they did find it, behold! it was one of Mrs. Lorraine's songs, and that young lady said, if Mrs. Lavender would only allow herself to be superseded for a few minutes—And so Sheila walked, with her head down, to the conservatory, which was at the other end of the piano; and Mrs. Lorraine not only sung this French song, but sang every one of the verses; and at the end of it she had quite forgotten that Sheila had promised to sing.

"You are very sensitive," she said to Sheila, coming into the conservatory.

"I am very stupid," Sheila said with

her face burning. "But it is a long time since I will see the Highlands—and Mr. Ingram was talking of the places I know—and—and so——"

"I understand well enough," said Mrs. Lorraine, tenderly, as if Sheila were a mere child in her hands. "But you must not get your eyes red. You have to sing some of those Highland songs for us yet, when the gentlemen come in. Come up to my room, and I will make your eyes all right. Oh, do not be afraid! I shall not bring you down like Lady Leveret. Did you ever see anything like that woman's face to-night? It reminds me of the window of an oil-and-colour shop: I wonder she does not catch flies with her cheeks."

So all the people, Sheila learned that night, were going away from London; and soon she and her husband would join in the general stampede of the very last dwellers in town. But Mairi? What was to become of her, after that little plot had been played out? Sheila could not leave Mairi to see London by herself; she had been enjoying beforehand the delight of taking the young girl about, and watching the wonder of her eyes. Nor could she fairly postpone Mairi's visit; and Mairi was coming up in another couple of days.

On the morning on which the visitor from the far Hebrides was to make her appearance in London, Sheila felt conscious of a great hypocrisy in bidding good-bye to her husband. On some excuse or other, she had had breakfast ordered early; and he found himself ready at half-past nine to go out for the day.

"Frank," she said, "will you come in to lunch at two?"

"Why?" he asked: he did not often have luncheon at home.

"I will go into the Park with you in the afternoon, if you like," she said: all the scene had been diligently rehearsed, on one side, before.

Lavender was a little surprised, but he was in an amiable mood.

"All right," he said. "Have something with olives in it. Two sharp."

With that he went out; and Sheila,

with a wild commotion at her heart, saw him walk away through the Square. She was afraid Mairi might have arrived before he left. And, indeed, he had not gone above a few minutes when a four-wheeler drove up, and an elderly man got out and waited for the timid-faced girl inside to alight. With a rush like that of a startled deer, Sheila was down the stairs, along the hall, and on the pavement; and it was, "Oh, Mairi! and have you come at last? And are you very well? And how are all the people in Borva? And, Mr. M'Alpine, how are you, and will you come into the house?"

Certainly, that was a strange sight for a decorous London square; the mistress of a house, a young girl with bare head, coming out on the pavement to shake hands in a frantic fashion with a young maid-servant and an elderly man whose clothes had been pretty well tanned by sunlight and sea-water. And Sheila would herself help to carry Mairi's luggage in. And she would take no denial from Mr. M'Alpine, whose luggage was also carried in. And she would herself pay the cabman, as strangers did not know about these things: Sheila's knowledge being exhibited by her hastily giving the man five shillings for driving from Euston Station. And there was breakfast waiting for them both, as soon as Mairi could get her face washed; and would Mr. M'Alpine have a glass of whisky after the night's travelling?—and it was very good whisky whatever, as it had come all the way from Stornoway. Mr. M'Alpine was nothing loth.

"And wass you pretty well, Miss Sheila?" said Mairi, looking timidly and hastily up, and forgetting altogether that Sheila had another name now. "It will be a great thing for me to go back to sa Lewis, and tell them I wass seeing you, and you wass looking so well. And I will be thinking I wass neffer coming to any one I knew any more; and it is a great fright I hef had since we came away from sa Lewis; and I wass thinking we would neffer find you among all sa people and so far away across sa sea

and sa land. Eh——!" The girl stopped in astonishment. Her eyes had wandered up to a portrait on the walls; and here, in this very room, after she had travelled over all this great distance, apparently leaving behind her everything but the memory of her home, was Mr. Mackenzie himself, looking at her from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"You must have seen that picture in Borva, Mairi," Sheila said. "Now come with me, like a good girl, and get yourself ready for breakfast. Do you know, Mairi, it does my heart good to hear you talk again. I don't think I shall be able to let you go back to the Lewis."

"But you hef changed ferry much in your way of speaking, Miss—Mrs. Lavender," said Mairi, with an effort. "You will speak just like sa English now."

"The English don't say so," replied Sheila, with a smile, leading the way upstairs.

Mr. M'Alpine had his business to attend to; but, being a sensible man, he took advantage of the profuse breakfast placed before him. Mairi was a little too frightened, and nervous and happy to eat much; but Mr. M'Alpine was an old traveller, not to be put out by the mere meeting of two girls. He listened in a grave and complacent manner to the rapid questions and answers of Mairi and her hostess; but he himself was too busy to join in the conversation much. At the end of breakfast, he accepted, after a little pressing, half a glass of whisky; and then, much comforted and in a thoroughly good humour with himself and the world, got his luggage out again and went on his way towards a certain inn in High Holborn.

"Ay, and where does the Queen live, Miss Sheila?" said Mairi. She had been looking at the furniture in Sheila's house, and wondering if the Queen lived in a place still more beautiful than this.

"A long way from here."

"And it iss no wonder," said Mairi, "she will neffer hef been in sa Lewis. I wass neffer thinking the world wass so big, and it wass many a time since

me and Mr. M'Alpine hef come away from Stornoway, I wass thinking it wass too far for me effer to get back again. But it is many a one will say to me, before I hef left the Lewis, that I wass not to come home unless you wass coming too, and I wass to bring you back with me, Miss Sheila. And where is Bras, Miss Sheila?"

"You will see him by and by. He is out in the garden now." She said 'gyarden' without knowing it.

"And will he understood the Gaelic yet?"

"Oh yes," Sheila said. "And he is sure to remember you."

There was no mistake about that. When Mairi went into the back-garden, the demonstrations of delight on the part of the great deerhound were as pronounced as his dignity and gravity would allow. And Mairi fairly fell upon his neck and kissed him, and addressed to him a hundred endearing phrases in Gaelic, every word of which it was quite obvious that the dog understood. London was already beginning to be less terrible to her. She had met and talked with Sheila. Here was Bras. A portrait of the King of Borva was hung up inside, and all round the rooms were articles which she had known in the North, before Sheila had married and brought them away into this strange land.

"You have never asked after my husband, Mairi," said Sheila, thinking she would confuse the girl.

But Mairi was not confused. Probably she had been fancying that Mr. Lavender was down at the shore, or had gone out fishing, or something of that sort, and would return soon enough. It was Sheila, not he, whom she was concerned about. Indeed, Mairi had caught up a little of that jealousy of Lavender which was rife among the Borva folks. They would speak no ill of Mr. Lavender. The young gentleman whom Miss Sheila had chosen had by that very fact a claim upon their respect. Mr. Mackenzie's son-in-law was a person of importance. And yet, in their secret hearts, they bore a grudge against him. What right had he to

come away up to the North and carry off the very pride of the island? Were English girls not good enough for him that he must needs come up and take away Sheila Mackenzie, and keep her there in the South, so that her friends and acquaintances saw no more of her? Before the marriage, Mairi had a great liking and admiration for Mr. Lavender. She was so pleased to see Miss Sheila pleased that she approved of the young man, and thanked him in her heart for making her cousin and mistress so obviously happy. Perhaps, indeed, Mairi managed to fall in love with him a little bit herself, merely by force of example and through sympathy with Sheila; and she was rapidly forming very good opinions of the English race, and their ways, and their looks. But when Lavender took away Sheila from Borva, a change came over Mairi's sentiments. She gradually fell in with the current opinions of the island—that it was a great pity Sheila had not married young Mr. MacIntyre, of Sutherland, or some who would have allowed her to remain among her own people. Mairi began to think that the English, though they were handsome, and good-natured, and free with their money, were on the whole a selfish race, inconsiderate, and forgetful of promises. She began to dislike the English, and wished they would stay in their own country, and not interfere with other people.

"I hope he is very well," said Mairi, dutifully: she could at least say that honestly.

"You will see him at two o'clock. He is coming in to luncheon; and he does not know you are here; and you are to be a great surprise to him, Mairi. And there is to be a greater surprise still; for we are going to make one of the rooms into the drawing-room at home; and you must open your boxes, and bring me down the heather and the peat, Mairi, and the two bottles; and then, you know, when the salmon is on the table, and the whisky, and the beer, and Bras lying on the hearthrug, and the peat-smoke all through the room, then you will come in and shake hands

with him, and he will think he is in Borva again."

Mairi was a little puzzled. She did not understand the intention of this strange thing. But she went and fetched the materials she had brought with her from Lewis, and Sheila and her set to work.

It was a pleasant enough occupation for this bright forenoon, and Sheila, as she heard Mairi's sweet Highland speech, and as she brought from all parts of the house the curiosities sent her from the Hebrides, would almost have fancied she was superintending a "cleaning" of that museum-like little drawing-room at Borva. Skins of foxes, seals, and deer, stuffed eagles and strange fishes, masses of coral and wonderful carvings in wood brought from abroad, shells of every size, from every clime—all these were brought together into Frank Lavender's smoking-room. The ordinary ornaments of the mantelpiece gave way to fanciful arrangements of peacocks' feathers. Fresh-blown ling and the beautiful spikes of the bell-heather formed the staple of the decorations, and Mairi had brought enough to adorn an assembly-room.

"That is like the Lewis people," Sheila said, with a laugh—she had not been in as happy a mood for many a day. "I asked you to bring one peat, and of course you brought two. Tell the truth, Mairi: could you have forced yourself to bring one peat?"

"I was thinking it was safer to bring sa two," replied Mairi, blushing all over the fair and pretty face.

And, indeed, there being two peats, Sheila thought she might as well try an experiment with one. She crumbled down some pieces, put them on a plate, lit them, and placed the plate outside the open window, on the sill. Presently a new, sweet, half-forgotten fragrance came floating in; and Sheila almost forgot the success of the experiment in the half-delighted, half-sad reminiscences called up by the scent of the peat. Mairi failed to see how anyone could wilfully smoke a house—anyone, that is to say, who did not save the smoke for his thatch. And who was so particular as Sheila had been

about having the clothes come in from the washing dried so that they should not retain this very odour that seemed now to delight her?

At last the room was finished, and Sheila contemplated it with much satisfaction. The table was laid, and on the white cloth stood the bottles most familiar to Borva. The peat-smoke still lingered in the air; she could not have wished anything to be better.

Then she went off to look after luncheon, and Mairi was permitted to go down and explore the mysteries of the kitchen. The servants were not accustomed to this interference and oversight, and might have resented it, only that Sheila had proved a very good mistress to them, and had shown, too, that she would have her own way when she wanted it. Suddenly, as Sheila was explaining to Mairi the use of some particular piece of mechanism, she heard a sound that made her heart jump. It was now but half-past one; and yet that was surely her husband's foot in the hall. For a moment she was too bewildered to know what to do. She heard him go straight into the very room she had been decorating, the door of which she had left open. Then, as she went upstairs, with her heart still beating fast, the first thing that met her eye was a tartan shawl belonging to Mairi that had been accidentally left in the passage. Her husband must have seen it.

"Sheila, what nonsense is this?" he said.

He was evidently in a hurry; and yet she could not answer, her heart was throbbing too quickly.

"Look here," he said, "I wish you'd give up this grotto-making till to-morrow. Mrs. Kavanagh, Mrs. Lorraine, and Lord Arthur Redmond are coming in to luncheon at two. I suppose you can get something decent for them. What is the matter? What is the meaning of all this?"

And then his eye rested on the tartan shawl, which he had really not noticed before.

"Who is in the house?" he said.

"Have you asked some washerwoman to lunch?"

Sheila managed at last to say—

"It is Mairi come from Stornoway. I was thinking you would be surprised to see her when you came in——"

"And these preparations are for her?"

Sheila said nothing: there was that in the tone of her husband's voice which was gradually bringing her to herself, and giving her quite sufficient firmness.

"And now that this girl has come up, I suppose you mean to introduce her to all your friends; and I suppose you expect those people who are coming in half an hour to sit down at table with a kitchen-maid?"

"Mairi," said Sheila, standing quite erect, but with her eyes cast down, "is my cousin."

"Your cousin! Don't be ridiculous, Sheila. You know very well that Mairi is nothing more nor less than a scullery-maid, and I suppose you mean to take her out of the kitchen, and introduce her to people, and expect them to sit down at table with them. Is not that so?"

She did not answer, and he went on, impatiently, "Why was I not told that this girl was coming to stay at my house? Surely I have some right to know what guests you invite, that I may be able at least to ask my friends not to come near the house while they are in it."

"That I did not tell you before—yes, that was a pity," said Sheila, sadly and calmly. "But it will be no trouble to you. When Mrs. Lorraine comes up at two o'clock, there will be luncheon for her and for her friends. She will not have to sit down with any of my relations, or with me, for if they are not fit to meet her, I am not; and it is not any great matter that I shall not meet her at two o'clock."

There was no passion of any sort in the measured and sad voice, nor in the somewhat pale face and downcast eyes. Perhaps it was this composure that deceived Frank Lavender; at all events, he turned and walked out of the house, satisfied that he would not have to introduce this Highland cousin to his friends, and just as certain that Sheila

would repent of her resolve, and appear in the dining-room as usual.

Sheila went downstairs to the kitchen, where Mairi still stood awaiting her. She gave orders to one of the servants about having luncheon laid in the dining-room at two, and then she bade Mairi follow her upstairs.

"Mairi," she said, when they were alone, "I want you to put your things in your trunk at once—in five minutes if you can—I shall be waiting for you."

"Miss Sheila!" cried the girl, looking up to her friend's face with a sudden fright seizing her heart. "What is the matter with you? You are going to die!"

"There is nothing the matter, Mairi. I am going away."

She uttered the words placidly; but there was a pained look about the lips that could not be concealed, and her face, unknown to herself, had the whiteness of despair in it.

"Going away!" said Mairi, in a bewildered way. "Where are you going, Miss Sheila?"

"I will tell you by and by. Get your trunk ready, Mairi. You are keeping me waiting."

Then she called for a servant, who was sent for a cab; and by the time the vehicle appeared, Mairi was ready to get into it, and her trunk was put on the top. Then, clad in the rough blue dress that she used to wear in Borva, and with no appearance of haste or fear in the calm and death-like face, Sheila came out from her husband's house, and found herself alone in the world. There were two little girls, the daughters of a neighbour, passing by at the time; she patted them on the head, and bade them good-morning. Could she recollect, five minutes thereafter, having seen them? There was a strange and distant look in her eyes. She got into the cab, and sat down by Mairi, and then took the girl's hand.

"I am sorry to take you away, Mairi," she said; but she was apparently not thinking of Mairi, nor of the house she was leaving, nor yet of the vehicle in which she was so strangely placed. Was she thinking of a certain wild and wet

day in the far Hebrides, when a young bride stood on the decks of a great vessel, and saw the home of her childhood and the friends of her youth fade back into the desolate waste of the sea? Perhaps there may have been some unconscious influence in this picture to direct her movements at this moment, for of definite resolves she had none. When Mairi told her that the cabman wanted to know whither he was to drive, she merely answered, "Oh yes, Mairi, we

will go to the station;" and Mairi added, addressing the man, "It was the Euston Station." Then they drove away.

"Are you going home?" said the young girl, looking up with a strange foreboding and sinking of the heart to the pale face and distant eyes. "Are you going home, Miss Sheila?"

"Oh yes, we are going home, Mairi," was the answer she got; but the tone in which it was uttered filled her mind with doubt and something like despair.

To be continued.

NEEDLEWORK.

THE idea of placing Needlework amongst the Fine Arts, in the present age, when costliness is the standard by which the merit of art-work is too often gauged, will strike some people, perhaps, as ridiculous. To show, however, that Needlework has a claim to estimation as an art is the aim of this paper.

Little, if any, interest has been given to this subject of late years, although all other classes of art-objects have been sought after and collected. To be sure, amateurs are fond of including in their collections fragments of ancient church vestments and embroideries. These invariably command a respect, and it would never do to pass them by. They are rather difficult of acquisition, and amongst *bric-à-brac* they serve as curious and picturesque diversions from the more solid objects. But as for the other productions of the needle, scarcely anything is known or cared about them. It so happens that heirlooms preserved at country seats are extant, and that there are a few genuine and Catholic amateurs who have collected needlework specimens other than the ecclesiastical relics above mentioned. Thus an energetic committee of royal and noble ladies found works of the needle of sufficient number and variety to be collected, and shown at the South Kensington Museum, and to be further dignified by the title of "Special Loan Exhibition of Decorative Art Needlework." New interest will surely be now created in the subject. Certain it is, that visitors to this Exhibition—which will remain open for a month or so longer—will not fail to be struck by the diversity of uses to which the needle has been put, as exemplified by the many cases full of well-designed and harmoniously-coloured specimens. There are works which appeal to the sympathies of the antiquary, the ecclesiastic,

the historian, the artist, the humorist, the working-man, and even the millionaire. Others, who do not come under any of these categories, will look at what pleases them; for it is unquestionable that they will find something to tickle their fancies. Without offending hot-headed "patriots," republicans, and supporters of the proletariat, we may record how diligently the Princess Christian and the Princess Mary of Teck, with their Committee of Ladies, have worked for the benefit and enlightenment of their fellow-creatures in the formation of the Needlework Exhibition. The Government is to be congratulated upon having obtained this valuable and friendly aid in promoting art-education. Loan Exhibitions like the present one are, from many considerations, to be encouraged. They are the means of bringing together, for the instruction and delectation of all classes, treasures which frequently remain hidden in lumber-rooms, or else are only brought out occasionally for the gratification of a few favoured friends of the possessor. In truth, these Exhibitions unite the rich and the poor, to the intellectual and commercial benefit of the community.

But we must no longer delay dealing with needlework. In the early English needlework, or embroidery, a certain regularity of stitch was maintained. There were no cobblings or untidy finishings off. Work undertaken was conscientiously carried out. A certain style of stitch would be adopted for a piece of work, and it was adhered to. Mixtures of stitches, when necessary, were cautiously used. Hence it is, that ecclesiastical embroideries on vestments of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries can almost always be *classified* according to the style of stitch. The persons who wrought them were devotees to their

occupation, and to them time was no object. However, towards the end of the fifteenth century a degeneracy in work commenced, and specimens dating from about this period show that the artistic pliers of the needle did not despise the use of subterfuges in cases of difficulty. Whereas in southern countries the Renaissance of art had taken place, its influence had not penetrated England. Thus English work of this time is hybrid in character and poor in execution. The troublous times of the Wars of the Roses evidently intercepted the peaceful progress of art; but when comparative calm was restored, a kind of sampler-work and raised or stuffed work came into vogue, more hideous than can be imagined. From this date English needlework ran riot; and it is absurd for people to try now to create a fictitious admiration for the bulky and awkward scrawlings of crewel or worsted-work, over which it is the fashion to fall into rhapsodies. That home-products were not highly valued, is patent from the fact that the houses of the rich were bedecked, by preference, with rich Oriental, Italian, and French works. And of such is formed the largest section in the Exhibition. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, English needlework became worse and worse. Ignorant, grotesque, and certainly amusing renderings of mythological and scriptural events were worked in the "stuffed" style upon work-boxes, book-covers, and looking-glass frames. The climax of the art may be found in the feeble long-stitch portraits, in floss silk, of "Lavinia" and "Amanda," and in the clever imitation etchings by Miss Linwood; of which, however, the less said the better. A few exceptions to the general badness of style existed in certain quiltings executed by gentlewomen, generally in imitation of Oriental designs.

In describing the more marked specimens of the collection at South Kensington, it seems useful to briefly point out the peculiarity of certain stitches; and to this end we propose to deal with the old Latin-named classifications. The

"opus plumarium" was the term given to feather-stitch work, resembling in character the long and satin stitches of the present day. According to the late Canon Rock, a learned authority upon all kinds of woven and embroidered fabrics, "the stitches were laid down, never across, but longwise, and so put together that they seemed to overlap one another like the feathers in the plumage of the bird." Work done after the manner of Berlin wool-work, either in "cross," "cushion," "tent," or such-like stitches, was called "opus pulvinarium." Weaving does not come within our scope; it will be sufficient, therefore, to dismiss without further notice its imitation, by saying that it was called the "opus pectineum," or comb-work, which has now been entirely supplanted by machine weaving. The "opus consutum" included all kinds of "cut," or *appliqué* work. Lately there has been a mild revival, called "sabrina," of this work. But sabrina, or rather such specimens as we have seen, appears to be a work without principle. There certainly is nothing beyond the most amateurish sentiment to be found in it, and none of the vigorous characteristics of *cinque-cento appliqué* work are traceable. The last class mentioned by Canon Rock is the "opus Anglicum." This is found solely in ecclesiastical embroideries of ancient date, and examples of it are scarce. Its execution entailed much careful labour. It was a "chain"-stitch, and "we find that for the human face . . . the first stitches were begun in the centre of the cheek, and worked in circular, not straight lines, into which, however, after the further side had been made, they fell, and were so carried on through the rest of the flesh; in some instances through the figures—draperies and all." A kind of relief, or modelling, was then imparted to figures done in this manner, by pressing "with a little thin iron rod, ending in a small, smooth knob, slightly heated," the centres or commencing points in the cheeks, throat, &c.

Besides these five classes of stitches, there are fine stitches, which are classed

as "point-lace" stitches. But lace is a subject to be treated apart from needlework simple. Nearly every kind of embroidery may be ranked under one or other of the classes above named. In specimens of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries one finds, especially in Italian coverlids, curtains, &c., a picturesque and effective element introduced by means of floss silk, laid and held down by diapers, or crossings of ordinary stitching. This kind of work possibly was suggested by the "couchings," or treatments of the golden threads or "passings," in church vestments, about which a useful book, by Miss Anastasia Dolby, has been published. The employment of gold threads for embroidery forms a class by itself, which is quite distinct from the classes we have enumerated. Those classes may be taken to refer to the needlework executed in fine threads, silks, worsted, &c. Canon Rock completely exhausts the subject of gold-work in connection with the adornment of vestments. Its use is of very early origin. The Phrygians were noted for their skill in the use of gold for the ornamentation of garments of all kinds. On panels of gold, pictures and ornaments were wrought in coloured silks. These panels were applied to the robes of the rich and to the vestments of the priests. The embroiderer was known as the "Phrygio," and his work as the "Phrygium." Canon Rock says that from "auriphrygium" is derived our own word "orphrey." It must, however, be borne in mind that the mediæval word "orfrais," or "orfroy," has a different etymology. That comes from "aurifrisium." The "aurifrisium" was the golden border, or fringe, to garments; and Chaucer, in his "Romaunt of the Rose," when describing the appearance of Gladnesse, says—

"Of orfraies fresh was her garland,
I which seeme have a thousand."

"Orfraies" surrounded the old circular ecclesiastical vestments, the form of which, at a later date, for convenience to the wearer, was modified by cutting out pieces at the sides. The gold panel-

pictures which adorn the back and front of the vestment are the "orphreys." In some cases these panel-decorations are similar both in style and material to the border or "orfrey." They may then be termed *portions of the orfrey*. Some logomacs say that these words (*orphrey* and *orfrey*) are the same, and that the loose manner of spelling in the Middle Ages accounts for the substitution of the "ph" for the "f," and *vice versâ*. To our thinking, however, both words, *orfrey*, *aurifrisium*, and *orphrey*, *auriphrygium*, are distinct, although in usage they appear to be nearly related. *Orfrey* signifies a gold fringe, or gold border. At the present time the accepted technical term for the border of the vestment is the "orfrey;" and this is used whether the border be of gold or coloured silks. *Orphrey* applies to a gold panel or strip upon which a picture is embroidered.

To come now to the Collection itself: the arrangement should be regarded as more popular than technical or learned. Ecclesiastical vestments form a large and interesting class. Specimens of the various kinds of work alluded to are included in it. No. 5 is a red velvet covering or facing for a cloister-desk, the decoration and embroidery of which may advantageously be studied. The subject-embroideries are executed by sewing fine silken threads over the gold cords. A subdued, sun-like gorgeousness is imparted to them. The main portion of the cover is simple velvet, with the gold thread sewn, to form a bold diapered ground. This specimen is indeed a splendid work of art, complete at all points, and its value is enhanced by the care with which it has been preserved. It possesses an historical interest as well, the Emperor Charles the Fifth having presented it to the Monastery of Juste, whither he retired, to devote the last days of his life to religious meditations and exercises. Sir Piers Mostyn lends No. 11, under which are comprised a Chasuble, Dalmatic, and Tunicle of Italian work. The *orfreys* and *orphreys* are in magnificent condition, and make resplendent grounds

for figures and ornaments, done by the fine silk-thread sewing round the golden cords, and after the manner of the "opus plumarium." The gold cords, or "passings," exemplify various rich forms of couching. Canon Rock highly esteemed these three vestments, and gave them an exalted rank amongst works of their class. The English specimens contributed from Oscott College by Dr. Northcote have a picturesqueness which is pleasing after the sumptuous Italian and German vestments. But a good deal of so-called restoration is evident in these English works, and is to be regretted, since the general sombre and rich effect is marred by patches of rankly-coloured and rather coarsely-wrought floss-silk layings. The finest specimen of "opus Anglicum" is the grand cope formerly belonging to the Monastery of Syon, and now the property of the nation. This, although in the South Kensington Museum, has not been placed in the Loan Collection, in which but one or two specimens of this rare class, "opus Anglicum," may be seen. Of this work, No. 3, lent by the Marquis of Bute, has been capitally preserved. It is dated 1369, and at the foot of the orphrey the coat-of-arms of John Grandison, Bishop of Exeter, is emblazoned. The new velvet upon which the work is mounted as a background is, however, harsh in tone for so ancient and faded a piece of work.

The second class is devoted to work which has an historical interest. The *mélange* of styles, periods, and materials is amusing, and brushes up one's history. It does not, however, afford much instruction in stitchery. The Pall (No. 53) belonging to the Fishmongers' Company, a work of the fourteenth century, is the best piece of embroidery; although the student of history will find, perhaps, greater interest in No. 51, which is a small square cut out of the cushion upon which Charlemagne laid the finger of St. Luke, when he presented that precious relic to the Archbishop Magnus of Lens. The quaint gold dragons suggest a later period than the ninth century, and the sceptical will accept

the romance *cum grano salis*. If the work be woven, it has no right to a place amongst needlework. In charity, however, and in consideration of the excellent tradition which accompanies the small specimen, we may presume that it comes under the class of "opus pectineum." With perfect fairness "eighteen pieces of Baby Linen, made by Princess Elizabeth for Queen Mary" (No. 16)—or, as the original label describes them, "some of ye childbed things, made when Queen Mary was thought to be with child"—occupy a position as works of the needle, although they possess no merit as decorative artworks. The little jackets or shirts, shoes, and mittens, are evidences of the affectionate prescience and diligence of Princess Elizabeth for her sister. But since the "little stranger" never appeared, the minute garments were not used. So they were put away, and have been preserved with a cap, satin shoes, pouches, &c. (61 to 66), at Ashridge, where the Princess was residing, when under the influence of jealousy Queen Mary despatched three gallant commissioners "to repair to Ashridge and bring the Lady Elizabeth to court, quick or dead." Hurried off in this manner, the Lady Elizabeth naturally forgot many of her belongings; hence these relics were left behind. And now, through the kindness of Countess Brownlow, they have been exhibited. Taylor, the water-poet, in his praises of the needle, records of Elizabeth that—

"When she a maide had many troubles past,
From jayle to jayle by Mary's angry
 spleene,
And Woodstocke and the Tower in prison
 past,
And after all was England's peerlesse
 Queen.
Yet, howsoever sorrow came or went,
She made the Needle her companion still,
And in that exercise her time she spent
As many living yet do know her skill.
Thus she was still a captive, or else crowned
A Needlewoman Royal and Renowned."

This account of Elizabeth is curiously appropriate to passages in latter days of her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, who, by "Elizabeth's angry spleene," was

sent from "jaye to jaye." But Mary's work was of an ambitious kind, as the dilapidated evidences (Nos. 54, 55, and 56)—a chair, a work-box, and a basket—testify. These have been removed, by the gracious permission of the Queen, from Holyrood, where, during her imprisonment, Mary is said to have been "sedulously employed with her needle; and tradition speaks of several elegant productions of her industry," not to mention certain little tent-stitch satires, in one of which Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth is represented as a "catte" while a mouse personates her powerless cousin, Mary. We may now turn to the handiwork of a very different lady, "a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling; a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, and a merchant of lead, coals, and timber;" and withal, though not so chronicled, a clever needlewoman. We mean Bess of Hardwicke. In the collection there are four or five pieces of careful tent-stitch-work, in which the monogram "E.S." (Elizabeth Shrewsbury) figures. No. 69, a version of the Fall of Phaeton, is the least damaged of this great lady's work. One of the unfortunate Charles I.'s many shirts is lent by the Duchess of Richmond. The fine insertions at the seams of pretty point stitches do not offer suggestions to the fashionmongers of the present day, and we hardly fancy that a revolution in modern male dress will be effected for the sake of displaying such feminine frippery in under-clothing. Lord Orford lends a pourpoint in linen, ornamented with cords and knots, and a slashed silk waistcoat, which belonged to John Carter, of Yarmouth. This gentleman was twice bailiff of that town, and was, moreover, an intimate friend of Cromwell, whose Puritanism and ascetic character did not prevent his accepting invitations to fashionably-houred dinner-parties, at least so says Yarmouth tradition. At one of these, for which the company assembled at seven o'clock, Cromwell and Carter inopportunely began to talk politics; No. 167.—VOL. XXVIII.

and although the result of their conversation was the determination to behead Charles, still we can scarcely believe that even this important decision compensated the poor guests for the dreary time they had to wait. It was not until 11 P.M. that dinner was served, and then probably it was overcooked or completely spoilt. A memento of the momentous sequel of the anti-prandial debate and determination is to be seen in No. 82—the star from the mantle which Charles wore on the scaffold. To his faithful servant and friend, Captain Basil Wood, the King presented this star, and it hangs on a screen at a proper distance from No. 94, a piece of gaily-coloured patchwork, executed by Anne, wife of General Fleetwood, and eldest daughter of Cromwell. Then we have velvet caparisons for the royal steed which bore King James I. to his coronation, work done by Catherine of Braganza; the pall of Henry IV. of France—a large, hideous, circular covering of black velvet, sprinkled with the insignia of the Saint Esprit; a pair of *gants de cérémonie*, which belonged to Cardinal Richelieu; rich satin and chenille embroideries, wrought for the walls of Marie Antoinette's boudoir; and a pair of silk curtains (No. 509), from the bed of George, Lord Orford, of whom it is chronicled that George II., Queen Caroline, and Sir Robert Walpole, grandfather to the young lord, stood round him while the ceremony of christening was performed, he remaining in bed. This eccentricity seems to have been a forecast of the character of his life. His Lordship was fond of doing odd things, and amongst others he used to drive four stags in Hyde Park!

We must devote the remainder of our space to describing a few of the works notable for their design and execution. Oriental embroideries, "fine linen," Rhodian and

"Turkey cushions, bossed with pearls;
Valance of Venice gold in needlework."

large flowing arabesques, done in floss

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silk by Italians, and quiltings, form the remarkable sections.

The various uses of floss silk, and the way in which it is laid after the mode of gold couchings, display much ingenuity. No. 380, a *portière*, or coverlid of green silk, is carried out in many cunning adaptations of cushion and tent stitches. The floss silk is laid by plain quilting-stitch, but with such devices, that on a first glance the work seems to be utterly incomprehensible and marvellous. Again, No. 374, a fine quilt—said to be of Spanish origin, since it was made for a Bishop of Toledo—is wrought in nothing more complex than long-stitch, although its appearance indicates a species of intricate chain-stitch. This quilt has been subjected, in certain parts, to the modelling of the smooth round-headed iron, whereby a flavour of the “opus Anglicum” is imparted to the work. We have not referred to any specimens of the *appliqué* class, or “opus consutum,” albeit there are several fine and instructive pieces which admirers of this kind of simple and effective work will do well to study. They will find that good flowing designs, and a careful selection of materials which harmonize in colour and kind, should be the principal considerations in doing this work. Many modern specimens are offensive, because the “applications” are patched on the groundwork without thought. The whole presents the effect of dabs of colour and material, having no relation one to the other, and no continuity to form a design. Nos. 445, 453, 454, all altar frontals, are examples of fine designs and good workmanship. Of a different section of *appliqué* is 464, which is composed of linen ornaments, beautifully cut and outlined in silk, applied to a silk canvas ground.

English quiltings are fairly represented by the productions of noble ladies, who some 150 years ago delighted in rearing silkworms, and themselves employing the unbleached silk for embroidery (see Nos. 625 and 633). By far the most wonderful pieces of quilting are two large coverlids, or *portières*—one shown

by Mr. Montague Guest (619), and one by Mr. Beresford Hope (619A). They are quiltings executed in millions of red and yellow silk-stitches on white ground, displaying ornaments and figures in outline only. Mr. Guest's specimen bears the arms of Arragon and Leon in the centre, whilst along the border are representations of *fêtes*, hunting parties, a concert, and a fleet. The harmony of effect imparted to the entire surface by the use of the two colours, yellow and red, is most rich and admirable. Mr. Beresford Hope's *portière* of the same work has not been so fortunately preserved: the colours have faded, and parts are worn. On this is represented the storming of Goa by the Portuguese, whose broad-muzzled culverins are executing havoc in the Indian fleet. Aware of the danger of the situation, the Rajah—distinguished by the semicircular cut of his skirt—may be described giving instructions. Gathered together next him are his retinue and elephants. The water-carrier, or *bheestie*, is preparing for an emergency, should water be unobtainable on the flight, by filling his cart-tanks; while the *Bangy-wallah* has commenced his departure, laden with treasures. Round the border are various Portuguese nobles, for one of whom it is probable that the quilt was executed by some native workman at Goa.

At the present time, although sewing machines execute all the quiltings required, it would not be possible for them to produce the quality of work which the two quilts above mentioned possess. The evident freedom of the work, and the slight irregularities of stitch, produce a quality not to be obtained by purely mechanical means. And these remarks provoke a mention of the very clever imitations of satin-stitch embroidery produced by the Jacquard loom. In this instance, however, the imitation lacks the character and quality of the hand-made embroideries. And such must be the case. Mechanically-produced articles cannot possess the “spirituality,” of hand-work—if the expression may be allowed.

For perfection of workmanship and

of design, so far as surface-decoration is concerned, we turn to the Oriental satin-embroidered hangings. The gorgeousness of these specimens generally, and especially of those lent by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley (609), and by Countess Brownlow (594, 578, 595, 598, 601), is most satisfactory. So, also, is the Portuguese white-satin coverlid, on which a bold floriated pattern, surrounding the circular device of the Austrian eagle, is worked in rich gold couchings, judiciously outlined with crimson silk thread. The velvet embroideries are fine works, and also show varieties of gold couchings. Excellent tambour-work on linen (436, 437) recalls the designs of the mosaic-work on the Taj at Agra. The *couvrepiéd* (433) is a coarse piece of embroidery, and has no claim to a place in the collection except for its curious figures, and a kind of historical character given to it by the arms of Leon and Castille, with the motto on the border, "Viva Don Carlos III. por la Gracia de Ds Rey de Castilla, de Leon, de Arragon, de las dos Sicilas," &c.

In fine and clever stitchery the Persians excel. The style of work in the four pieces numbered 346 is unsurpassable; and it is satisfactory to know that a competent tent-stitcher could execute with ease similar work. The general tone of colour and graceful designs of these clothes-napkins—for such is the use made of them by ladies of the Harem—are superior to those of any other four specimens in the collection. No. 555 is a very remarkable work. It is a rich yellow-satin ground, embroidered with ornamental patches of close and small layings of blue and red floss silks, edged with similar coloured cords. Time has given to this specimen a delicate and beautiful complexion. At first sight, one thinks the patches are applied. They are not, however; since the embroidery passes to the back, and displays fine and thorough needlework. Of a simpler style of work, but very Oriental in character, is No. 324, called, we sus-

pect erroneously, a "Venetian" fine linen table-cloth. The ends are embroidered in silk of delicate hues, which harmonize most seductively. This work, "*sans envers*," is alike on both sides. The stitching "*au passé*" is arranged in horizontal and perpendicular lines, which gives a pleasing vivacity to the general design. Red-silk embroidery on linen, cut and drawn, is well represented, and should inspire dainty needleworkers. It is impossible to continue these jottings without considerably overlapping the necessary limits of this paper, a temptation which the charming inexhaustibility of cunning art and work to be discovered in the collection renders hard to resist. Still these brief notes may, we hope, increase the interest in art needlework.

And, in conclusion, we may add that many institutions in various stages of existence are established in London for promoting the practice of the art. It will be greatly to their advantage if their promoters and supporters will give a little serious attention to the fine collection of needlework which we have somewhat hastily discussed. Very many useful hints may be obtained, if those who go to study will thoroughly convince themselves that they know little or nothing of the art, and commence their investigations entirely *de novo*. It is foolish for the fluent talker, who imagines himself to be a connoisseur, but who is really an airy empiric, to give utterance to meaningless criticisms, by way of impressing his misguided friends with the profundity of his art-knowledge. The twaddle which flows with facility from such an one is at once wearying and aggravating. He has contrived to infuse into his brain a muddle of technicalities which flavour his talk; but nothing can be more dangerous to the progress of the would-be art-student than the vacuous talk of *quasi* professors, who, by the aid of the ladder of humbug, have attained a false eminence amongst the *dilettanti* in art matters.

THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS' UNION.

DURING the last few months I have been often asked whether I am not ashamed and afraid of the spirit which I have raised. "Not at all; quite the contrary," is my invariable answer. I do not in the least degree affect to be the founder of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union. By the migration of labourers from Devonshire to the north of England, begun in 1866, it is certainly possible that I may in some sort have been instrumental in calling public attention to the miserable and degraded condition of agricultural labourers, specially in the west of England. It is also possible, that by stating my conviction at the meeting of the British Association at Norwich in 1868, and afterwards on many other public occasions, that it was very doubtful whether the labourers would ever be able to raise themselves to an independent position, except they were united, I may have been the first to shadow out dimly and at a distance the Union, which Mr. Arch has at length succeeded in developing into a powerful reality. If such be the case, all I can say is, that instead of being ashamed of it, there is no work to which during a long and active life I ever set my hand, to which, whether as a minister of the Gospel or merely a member of the great human family, I can look back with more unmingled satisfaction. Nor have I the slightest fear but that in the end this Union will overcome all prejudice and opposition, pass safely through all difficulties, and be welcomed by every real lover of his country as the regenerator of those who are universally acknowledged to be the bone and sinew of the land.

It is not merely on account of their number that agricultural labourers must be regarded as a class of so much importance. Though their number is not

inconsiderable—about a million and a half, more or less—the importance of this class of the population rather consists in its being scattered all over the country; so that, though there are more in one place and fewer in others, yet there is scarcely a parish in which there are not some. The whole country is leavened with them, either for better or worse. Moreover, it is on this class that we depend mainly for our supply of food. It is said that agricultural labourers are even now sailing from Liverpool at the rate of one thousand per week. If a general exodus of agricultural labourers from this country were to set in, and they should emigrate in troops to Canada, the United States, New Zealand, or other countries, we should be in a very critical position. Already large numbers of agricultural labourers in the North of England are absorbed in the mines, foundries, and factories. To fill the places vacated by these, multitudes have left, and are leaving, parts of the country where wages are low; so that in many places labourers are even now not easily procured. The decrease during the last ten years in the agricultural population of Somerset is ably shown by Mr. Heath, the special correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser*, in his letter from Minehead, inserted in that paper on June 19th. I also myself, a few weeks ago, found numbers of labourers from the West earning in Lancashire 21s., instead of, as in their native counties, 8s. a week. It is thus high time, if merely for the sake of the safety of the country, that this danger should be averted. In order to this, the position of the agricultural labourer must be so improved as to deprive him of all wish to seek a new home. Employers would have best consulted their own interests, if they had taken the matter

into their own hands, and voluntarily made a present sacrifice in order to avert a threatening danger and insure a future benefit. But all attempts to induce employers thus to take the bull by the horns having failed, the labourers themselves have come to the conclusion which five years ago I foresaw and stated was inevitable—namely, that nothing can be done without union. If any further proof of the accuracy of this conclusion were needed, it would be found in the fact recorded in the *Times* of June 20th last, that a deputation “composed of representatives of the principal occupiers of land and inhabitants of the parishes within the district embraced” in the Chipping Norton Union, have presented an address to the Rev. W. E. D. Carter and the Rev. T. Harris, the two clerical magistrates who sent the sixteen women with their babies to prison, expressing their “entire approval” of conduct, which both by the Government and the press has been condemned as unnecessarily severe and oppressive. Happily, however, union is now *un fait accompli*; and all attempts to arrest by force the tide which has set in will have no other effect than to make the water rough and dangerous. Interested parties object to the Union that it is fast breaking up the existing relations between employers and employed, which they describe by the endearing term “paternal.” And many are taken in by this eloquent special pleading. But just look at the miserable hovels, wholly unfit for human habitation, in which a large number of the peasantry are allowed to exist—for they cannot be said to live. Observe the constant sickness and premature old age to which they are in consequence subject. Mark, the almost total want of education. Count up the scant wages, often irregularly paid, and then not perhaps in the coin of the realm, stopped altogether in sickness and bad weather; and, even if paid in full, wholly inadequate to provide wholesome food and warm clothing for a working man and his family. Reckon up the many over-hours in an evening

which are never paid for at all, except by the glass of beer or cider which tempts the unfortunate recipient to run into debt at the public-house for the remainder of the evening. Examine the whole system of public-houses and beer-shops, framed, as it would seem, rather to fill the coffers of the Exchequer than to promote habits of sobriety amongst the working classes. Remember the innumerable bankrupt village clubs, patted on the back by the owners and occupiers of land, and by publicans, where the poor man's small and hard-earned savings are wasted in bands of music, flags, and feasting. Follow the peasant through a long, dreary old age, passed perhaps within the prison-like walls of the Workhouse, or, if at his own hovel, on half-a-crown and a couple of loaves a week, at a time when he most needs nourishment and comforts. Then see him at length carried to the grave in a pauper's coffin. Is this a happy, a just, or a proper state of things? Does it betray any large amount of “paternal” feeling on the part of those who might long since to a great extent have remedied these abuses, and whose duty it clearly was and is to make the attempt? Is it desirable to continue these so-called “paternal” relations? The respect with which the agricultural labourer touches his hat to all in a position of life above him, his faithfulness to his employer, his attachment to his home—miserable though it often is—his patience and forbearance under trials so severe that only those who have seen can appreciate them, are all proofs that he is imbued with a strong filial feeling towards the owners and occupiers of land. And if this feeling passes away, it will not be the work of the Union, but of those who, professing to be his fathers, have never with a father's love exerted their power and influence to improve his position, and are now vainly endeavouring to thwart his efforts to improve it for himself. The Union, however, is too powerful to care for this sort of resistance. The fear with which it is regarded is the best proof of its strength. That strength

consists in the fact that, though by emigrating the labourers can make themselves entirely independent of owners and occupiers of land in this country, those owners and occupiers, and in truth the whole population, are entirely dependent on them. The labourer is much more independent of the farmer than the farmer of the labourer.

This movement among the agricultural labourers has on their part so far been conducted with a surprising amount of good temper and moderation. Time was, and that not so long ago, when agricultural grievances were always manifested in the burning of hay-ricks and corn-stacks, and the smashing of turnpike-gates. In this, which is far the largest and most important movement which has ever been made amongst this class of the population, nothing of the sort has occurred. Large meetings have been held in various parts of the country, often in the open air and late in the evening, addressed, also, not unfrequently by persons who care more for the political bearing of the movement than for the real improvement of the condition of the labourer; and yet in very few instances has there been even the least disturbance. On the very few occasions on which there has been a very slight exception to this rule the farmers have themselves been the aggressors. As far as violence of language is concerned, landed proprietors, both Peers and Commoners—and, strange to say, even Bishops—have certainly been far the most conspicuous. There is, of course, one notorious exception. At a time, however, when the assertion of women's rights is the fashion even amongst the highest classes, a slight ebullition of feeling on the part of labourers' wives, who with their children were starving, might well have been excused. A party, however, of women of the above class, armed with sticks, it is said—though, after all, it is questionable whether they were much more strong-minded than some of their betters of the same sex have proved themselves on public platforms—so shook the nerves of two reverend

magistrates at Chipping Norton, that, to judge by the severity of the sentence which they pronounced, they must have considered the country to have been in as much peril as if the French or Prussians had been at their doors with Minié rifles and Armstrong guns. To set any great movement on foot, the employment of a considerable amount of energy is indispensable. No one can get up steam without fire. This necessity will very well account for some strongly-worded, stirring placards with which meetings have been summoned; some speeches at the meetings themselves not always within the limits of parliamentary usage; and questionable articles in newspapers, if not directly the organs of the movement, at least more or less connected with it. Great exception has been taken on these accounts by those who wish to put the movement down. But who ever heard of any great change being made, or great question carried, without agitation; without much more agitation than that which has accompanied the formation of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union? Witness Roman Catholic Emancipation, the Abolition of the Corn Laws, the Reform Bill. In truth, much ado has been made about nothing by those whose interest it is to discover a tempest in a tea-pot. Sober-minded men, who have no particular personal purpose to serve, whose minds are not narrowed by class-feeling, whose hearts are in the improvement of the condition of the agricultural population, though they may not approve of every step which has been taken or of every word which has been spoken or written, will not fail to give the agricultural labourers credit for having originated, and so far carried on, one of the most important movements of the age with an almost entire absence of violent conduct, and a moderate use of violent language; which, considering all things, is as wonderful as it is a sure mark that the movement is sound in principle, fair, just, and honest, and certain in the end to succeed. All this is no doubt in some measure owing to the leader of the movement, Mr. Arch,

being not only clever, eloquent, and of good administrative capacity, but an honest, upright, unselfish, sober, religious man, belonging also to the class of whose cause he is the advocate.

At the same time, it would be a very short-sighted policy for those who wish this movement really well to conceal from themselves that, as is the case with every great social movement, there are breakers ahead which must be carefully guarded against and avoided; and that not a few interested parties are on the watch to make personal or political capital out of the distress of the agricultural labourer, and to twist the Union towards objects very different from those which it is intended to serve. To point out the dangers above adverted to, and the manner also in which they are most likely to be avoided, and the real object of the Union kept steadily in view and finally attained, is the aim of this paper. The object, then, of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, as stated at the head of its printed Rules and Constitution, is "to improve the general condition of agricultural labourers in the United Kingdom." This is the one sole object to be kept always and steadily in view by the Executive Committee, in whom alone administrative power is vested. To guard against any aberration from this object should be the aim of the Consultation Committee, whenever an opportunity is afforded them of giving advice. And the efforts of all real friends of the movement outside should be in the same direction.

One of the chief dangers is to be apprehended from political agitators. There is the question of the Land Laws, for instance. Those who advocate a re-distribution of the land, on such terms as that everyone should have an equal share, are making a dead set upon the agricultural labourer. They would fain persuade him, if they could, that this mad scheme is a panacea for all his grievances; and so, by an adroit display of a mere *ignis fatuus*, lead him astray from close attention to those practical measures which can alone conduce to

his real improvement. There is no doubt that land is falling into the possession of too few hands, and that many properties in consequence are of unwieldy size. A gradual stop might be put to this unwholesome accumulation by wise alteration in such laws as those of primogeniture and entail. But an equal distribution of land could not be attained without a revolution, which would ruin the country. It would, if attained, soon disappear again under that natural law by which, in consequence of some men being less industrious, provident, and well conducted than others, it is ordained that "the poor shall never cease out of the land." And even if it could be attained and maintained, it would do little, if anything, to improve—in truth, would rather, probably, tend to make worse—the condition of those who are now in the position of agricultural labourers. My experience is, that the owners of small plots of land, who are just above the position of hired labourers, are, both as regards themselves and their families, more severely worked, worse fed, clothed, and educated—have, in short, a harder struggle for life—than hired labourers who are fairly paid.

There are others whose aim it is to dis-establish and dis-endow the Church of England. These, also, are at the present time making a dead set upon the Union, and would fain persuade the labourer that the clergy are their worst enemies; that the spoils of the Church would make them rich; and that the overthrow of the Church would be equivalent to their redemption. If the Church of England were despoiled to-morrow, how much of the spoils would pass into the pocket of the agricultural labourer? To be always abusing the clergy, as is very often the case at Union meetings and in Union papers, will certainly not promote, but may possibly materially retard the attainment of the real object of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union. It is quite true that the clergy have not taken the part which they ought to have taken in assisting the labourer to

improve his position. It is true, also, that almost all have stood aloof from this movement; that some have openly opposed it; and many more invariably and almost instinctively sided with landowners and farmers. But it is equally true that, were it not for the kindness of the clergy in the rural districts; for the sacrifices which they have made to build and endow schools; for the many meals which they have sent from the parsonage to the cottage, when the bread-winner is ill, the wife confined, the children poorly fed; the many comforts which they have denied to themselves and their families in order to clothe and feed the naked and hungry amongst their flock; not to mention their prayers by the sick-bed, and their loving words of comfort to the widow and fatherless in their sorrow, the condition of the agricultural labourer would have been much worse than it is. The clergy of the rural districts would, in my opinion, be better doing their Master's work, as well as be wiser in their generation, if, instead of opposing or even standing aloof from this movement, they would seek to control and direct it; bearing in mind that landowners, occupiers, and labourers are all alike in the sight of Him "whose they are and whom they serve." But indiscriminate abuse of themselves and their order is not the way to win the sympathy of the clergy, and any change which would leave the village without a resident clergyman, though it might well enough suit the views of those who desire the overthrow of the Church, would deprive the labourer of a friend, who, if mistaken on some points, is nevertheless in most respects a great blessing.

Another danger is the increasing of that which may be called class-feeling. There are many whose selfish interests would be best served by setting landowners against farmers, and both landowners and farmers against labourers. But wild talk about "slavery and serfdom" can never benefit the agricultural labourer. His object is not to make enemies, but friends. While

his action ought to be decided and uncompromising, the language in which he expresses his views ought to be of the most conciliatory character. The more friendly his relations are with both landowners and farmers—in short, with all classes of persons—the more likely he is to achieve the improvement of his condition.

The above are some of the chief dangers which threaten; and it will be well if the real object of the Union is not defeated, and many enemies unnecessarily made, by listening to those who have no real care for the agricultural labourer, but are only making use of him as a cat's-paw to promote their own interest and views.

The National Agricultural Labourers' Union has thus more than enough real, practical, tangible work to occupy all its time and tax all its energies.

First of all, the securing to every labourer a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. Without attempting to fix any maximum for wages, or to dictate that they should be the same either everywhere or in every case, it can hardly be said that 15s. a week, without deduction for bad weather for temporary illness—which deductions, now usually made, very materially diminish the reputed earnings of the labourer—is too much for an able-bodied man. Neither can it be denied that, after a fair number of hours, more or less, has been mutually agreed upon between master and servant for a day's work, all aftertime should be scrupulously paid for by the employer at least at the same rate per hour as the day's wages. Wages ought, without any exception, to be paid in the coin of the realm once a week punctually, independently of all so-called privileges; not at a uniform rate, but in proportion to age, skill, and industry. A minimum of wages—such, for instance, as the 15s. above indicated—might be fixed for an able-bodied, full-grown man. But to rule that all able-bodied, full-grown men should be paid equally and alike, would extinguish all effort at self-improvement on the part of

the labourer, and keep the whole class down, as now, to one uniform dull level. As for privileges, as they are called—such as wood for the cutting, coal carted gratis, a run for a pig or even a cow, or an allowance of milk—these ought never to be included in wages. Where the employers are all honest and liberal, as seems to be the case in Northumberland, it may answer to pay partly in kind. But it leaves the labourer almost entirely at the mercy of the farmer, who not unfrequently exaggerates the value of the so-called privileges, and also makes the wages he professes to give appear much larger than they really are, or even pays in kind of an inferior quality. Above all, part payment in beer or cider ought to be abolished. Few persons would wish to prevent, but would rather be anxious to encourage, a farmer giving his men a reasonable quantity of liquor—milk better than anything else—at harvest, or any other time of extraordinary exertion. So, also, a load of coal, liberty to cut wood, a run for a pig or a cow, might well be reserved as a premium for special industry and good conduct; and so used would be an immense inducement, especially to young men, to make themselves of much more value to their employers.

It may be objected, however, that to effect such changes is beyond the power of the Union. The rate of wages, it will be said, must be left to the law of demand and supply, which even the Union is not strong enough to control. Very true, to a certain extent. The Union has certainly no power directly to force the farmer to give 15s. or any other definite sum per week, or to hold out rewards for special skill, industry, and good conduct, or pay in coin and not in kind or liquor. But by assisting labourers to migrate to those parts of this country, or emigrate to the colonies, in which they would at once find abundant employment at high wages, and every possible inducement to be industrious and thrifty, the Union might do what can never be done

except by union—namely, indirectly make it worth the farmer's while to hold out to the labourer any reasonable inducement, either in wages or reward, to stay where he is. This is one of the first and most important, because really practical and practicable, means of improving the condition of the labourer; and it is enough to exhaust a large amount of the funds, time, and energy of the Union.

The labouring class in the rural districts, because they are still being indifferently educated, do not understand, and therefore cannot appreciate, the inestimable advantage of a well-built house, with proper offices, and three bed-rooms at least, the whole well ventilated and well drained. It should be the business of the Union to instruct their members that such a house is, in point of fact, a large addition to wages; for it is almost impossible that in any other sort of house either health or habits of morality can be maintained. Now, there is nothing which, both directly and indirectly, so much diminishes a labourer's income as sickness and bastardy—the one in a great measure owing to bad ventilation and drainage, the other to habits of indelicacy formed almost in childhood, in consequence of bed-rooms common to both sexes, and offices too few or improperly constructed for decency. Once let the labourer be made as fully aware as we ourselves are of all this, and he would refuse, as he ought to refuse, and as the Union ought to instruct and assist him in refusing, to live in the pigstyes which, as labourers' homes, are a disgrace to a civilized and Christian land. With what a different estimate of England's greatness would the Shah have returned to Persia if, instead of being lodged in royal palaces and ducal mansions, and paraded through the principal streets of London, Liverpool, and Manchester, he had been introduced to the hovels in which wealthy landlords of the first country in the world still permit their peasantry to be huddled together. Here, then, is work enough for the Union. To which might be added the exposure of

and putting an end to the transparent and dishonest artifice, by which outsiders are often misled to believe that the condition of the labourer is much better than it seems, by reason of his having a potato-ground in addition to his cottage and garden; whereas, in a large majority of cases, this much-vaunted potato-ground is not only rented of the farmer, but rented at a rate three or four times as high as that paid by the farmer to his landlord.

Every good housekeeper is well aware what an inroad is made upon income by the necessity of purchasing articles of an inferior quality, at a high price, on credit instead of for ready money, and not at the best market, but at some particular shop at which there is a running account. The smaller the income the greater and more keenly felt is the loss occasioned by such house-keeping. The middle classes generally, and even families of the highest rank, have of late become so fully alive to this that they have enlisted the principle of co-operation into their service, and support and make their purchases at co-operative stores. There is no one who is at so great a disadvantage in this respect as the agricultural labourer. His wages, lower than those paid to any other class of workmen, are positively frittered away to almost nothing by the way in which he is well-nigh obliged to spend them. Unable, in consequence of his small earnings and unthrifty habits, to have enough in hand to make his purchases on any day but pay-day; paid often too late on that day to leave him time to go to the distant market-town, or obliged by debt incurred during sickness or bad weather to deal at one particular village shop, often without daring even to question the fairness of the price or the quality of the article; and having no duplicate of the book in which his purchases are entered, the poor fellow is constrained to spend his scanty earnings, bound hand and foot, so to speak, and of course suffers in proportion. Wherever a co-operative store has been set up on sound prin-

ciples and been well managed by the labouring classes, it has not only enabled them to buy all they want, whether in food or clothing, at wholesale price and of the best quality, and so made every shilling really worth a shilling, but—which is still more important—has generated in them habits of thrift, foresight, and independence; taught them the real value of money, and rescued them from debt and the public-house—the one the chief weight which crushes, the other the ordinary grave of the labourer. In no way could the power of the Union be exerted more for the advantage of the labourer than by helping to set up a co-operative store in every village, or a small co-operative farm to supply their families with milk, which, though the most nutritious of all diet, and most likely, if freely used, to quench the desire for intoxicating liquor, the labourer can seldom get from the farmer for love or money. This could not, of course be done all at once: it would require time and perseverance. But by carefully drawing up and disseminating good rules, accurate statistics, and all other needful information for the setting-up of co-operative stores, and by assisting to set up as a model for imitation at least one such store in every county, the Union would much accelerate the general adoption of the co-operative principle, and so greatly assist the labourer to help himself in a direction in which he much needs assistance.

In sickness the agricultural labourer is peculiarly helpless, and in old age, not only helpless, but hopeless. From the moment that he falls sick his wages cease, and thus, at the very time when he most needs nourishment and rest, the one is wholly beyond his reach, and the other is disturbed by the anxieties consequent on being obliged, in order to get food for his family, to run into debt which will cripple him for many years, or perhaps even end in the breaking-up of his home. In old age there is no class of persons more helpless and hopeless than agricultural labourers. In ninety-nine

cases out of a hundred nothing remains for him except either the House, or a miserable pittance of a few shillings a week and a loaf or two from the guardians. To a certain extent—as long, at least, as they remain solvent—Village Benefit Societies, or Clubs, make a provision for sickness. But even where these societies are well managed and solvent, it is ordered that the allowance must be much reduced, or even cease, at the expiration of three or four months—that is to say, long before the end of a protracted illness. For an annuity after a certain age has been attained, there is seldom, if ever, any provision in these village clubs. Meanwhile, most of these clubs are established on the so-called dividing principle—that is to say, at the end of every five or seven years all the accumulated stock, save 10s. per member, is equally divided amongst the members. This, and the rule that nearly all these clubs are held at a public-house, and that a deal of money is wasted in drink at monthly committee meetings, still more in bands, banners, staves, bell-ringing, and dinner at the anniversary feast, readily accounts for so many of them becoming insolvent just at the time when their assistance is most wanted, and when many of their members are too old to make any other provision for themselves. Village clubs, for the most part, are for the benefit rather of the public-house than for that of the labourer. It is the publican who generally sets them on foot, and virtually manages them. A committee meeting every month, when a certain amount of drink must by rule be consumed out of the funds of the society, and which leads to much more being consumed, and familiarizes with the public-house many who would otherwise be strangers there; and an annual feast, at which sobriety is not always the rule, and which attracts all the neighbourhood to one spot, are truly successful contrivances for making a benefit society bankrupt and a public-house prosperous. It may be objected, that it is cruel to grudge the labourer the only holiday he has during

the year. Let him have a holiday by all means—more than one a year, if possible. But let the holiday be a voluntary holiday pure and simple, and not compulsorily paid for out of funds really subscribed for an allowance in sickness. And after all, is Club Day, as it is called, a holiday to the labourer? It must be borne in mind that all the members are obliged to attend the parish church, then to walk ten or more miles in heat and dust on an empty stomach, in order to lose their appetite for a dinner served up three or four hours later than their usual dinner-hour at a cost of half-a-crown *plus* the loss of their day's wages—in all, say, five shillings. Surely for that sum, in these days of cheap locomotion, the labourer might secure a much pleasanter holiday, not only for himself, but for some of his family with him. "John," said I, the morning after Club Day, to one of my men, a month or two ago, "it was a fine day yesterday, and I hope you enjoyed your holiday?" "Why ye zee, master," he replied, "it warn't much of a holiday. We tramped till our feet were sore, and we sweated more than if we had been in the field, and we had nought to eat till past four o'clock; and when we got it we were too tired to eat it. It was hard work, I can tell you." Benefit societies, in order to be of any use to the labourer, must be on a large scale, say that of a county at least; have nothing to do with public-houses, drink, and feasts; be constituted on principles accurately laid down by actuaries; managed by well-informed and responsible parties; and, above all, make provision, not merely for sickness, accident, and death, but for an annuity, on the principle of insurance, payable to the person insured at an age agreed upon when the insurance is made. Agricultural labourers would thus have some inducement to adopt habits of thrift and foresight early in life. They would know that if, instead of wasting their money upon drink, they entered such a society as soon as they began to work on their own account, for a very moderate annual payment they might secure

an annuity which would make them independent and comfortable when past work, and yet not too old to enjoy life. A sub-committee of the Union is at this time employed in drawing up rules for a benefit society for members of the Union only. It is to be hoped that an old-age annuity, as above described, will form a prominent part of this scheme. On no work can the Union be more usefully employed. Nor is it possible to conceive any more powerful inducement to become members of the Union than the institution of such a society, to which membership with the Union is the only passport. There will be no reluctance to become members of the Union, when young men see that such substantial advantages as those above indicated are the fruit of membership.

The National Agricultural Labourers' Union is already an association of considerable power and influence. That power consists, not merely in numbers, but in the fact that the grievances which it is its object to remedy are real grievances, and that the persons of whom it consists are spread over the whole country. Unlike most other unions, which are chiefly limited to the particular towns or districts in which the crafts represented by them are located, inasmuch as agricultural labourers are everywhere, the whole country is leavened with the Union in which they are enrolled. As the number of members increases—there will be a proportionate increase in the power and influence of the whole body. Parliamentary Reform and the repeal of the Corn Laws were both carried by combination; and if it be wise, the Union may exercise great influence upon the Legislature. This, however, will depend almost entirely upon its abstaining from all attempts to exert that influence in connection with mere political theories and questions practically unconnected with the labourer, and concentrating it entirely upon the redress of the real grievances under which he is suffering. The Poor Law ought to be either gradually abolished, or at least administered in such a way as not to undermine, as at present, the independence

of the labourer, and lead him to look to parish relief, rather than to his own industry, thrift, sobriety, and good conduct, for help in sickness and maintenance in old age. Education up to a certain age, or a certain standard of knowledge, ought to be made compulsory. The liquor traffic ought to be regulated, not, as now, on the principle of contributing as much as possible to the revenue, but solely with the view of providing necessary refreshment, without parading at the corner of every street, and multiplying, *ad nauseam*, in every village temptations to the labourer to waste his earnings on selfish sotting, instead of devoting them to the maintenance and education of his family, and securing assistance in sickness and an annuity in old age. Here is good wholesome work for the Union: first, in bringing pressure upon Parliament, in the approaching general election, to exact such reforms as those above indicated; secondly, in educating the labourer to understand that such reforms would be materially for his benefit. For instance, that it would be much better for him not to have parochial relief to look to as an inheritance, and to have fewer temptations in the way of public houses; and that, though as at present advised he thinks it would be cruel to rob him of his children's small earnings by compelling them to be at school, in the end he would find that the impossibility of getting men's work done by children at almost nominal wages, would have the immediate effect of making work for adults at once more plentiful and remunerative. It is very important, also, to have the law between master and servant put on a fairer and clearer footing, such as might be obtained by the amendment of the Master and Servants and the Criminal Law Amendment Acts. "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." If a fine is to be levied for breach of contract, in the case of the master it should be in proportion to his position and income—something which he may really feel; otherwise that which is ruin to

the servant would be a merely insignificant amount in the case of the master. If breach of contract or intimidation is, in the case of the servant, to be punished by imprisonment, the same penalty should be exacted from the master. The offence, moreover, specially that of intimidation, ought to be clearly defined; for when a master proclaims that he will employ no labourers who belong to the Union, seeing that the Union is a perfectly legal body, he is as guilty of intimidation as a woman who, with a stick in her hand, stands at a gate to prevent a non-union stranger from taking her husband's bread out of his mouth. Barristers of high standing should be appointed as stipendiary magistrates to preside at every court of petty session. There is no need to abolish county magistrates, but only to give them a responsible guide and leader. At present, they necessarily take the law chiefly from the attorney who is clerk to the Bench. Neither is it likely that sufficient pressure will be brought upon Parliament to exact any of the above reforms until the franchise has been given to the agricultural labourer, or until men directly representing this class of labourers are sent to the House of Commons. If agricultural labourers had a vote for the county, and therefore needed to be canvassed, their interests would be better looked after than now. And if there were one or two agricultural labourers in the House of Commons, such speeches as were made by the Marquis of Salisbury and the Marquis of Bute on the second reading of Lord Henniker's Agricultural Children Bill, on June 10th last, in the House of Lords, would not remain unchallenged.

The principle of union, or combination, is sanctioned by the example of all ages and classes. The ancient guilds, many of which still exist, are nothing more or less than combinations for a specific purpose. There is scarcely an Act of Parliament passed except by party, which is nothing more or less than union, or combination, without which the Queen's Government could not be

carried on. Lawyers, medical men, merchants, philosophers, artists—every trade and every craft—and even the clergy, have their Unions. Landlords and farmers are united in their Chambers of Agriculture, as well as merchants in their Chambers of Commerce. Farmers who, not content with being combined with landowners in Chambers of Agriculture, are now, in many parts of the country, combining in Unions for the specific purpose of not employing any one belonging to the Labourers' Union, are the last people who ought to declaim against the principle of combination. If the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, swerving from its avowed and most laudable object of seeking "to improve the general condition of agricultural labourers in the United Kingdom," allows itself to degenerate into a mere political engine for bringing about a social revolution, in all probability it will of its own weight fall to the ground. But if, on the other hand, it keeps its own avowed object steadily in view; allows itself to be led astray neither to the right nor to the left; pursues its own well-defined course with courage, decision, and perseverance, yet without excitement, the use of abusive language, or unnecessarily assuming a threatening attitude; and carefully guards itself against the dangers which have been pointed out, the National Agricultural Labourers' Union will prosper and increase. Landlords, farmers, and specially the clergy of the Church of England, whose stronghold is amongst agricultural labourers, and who by every obligation, Divine and human, are bound to help the oppressed, instead of looking about them indifferently on the shore, or, doing their best to sink this noble ship, will do well to take the rudder into their hands; and so, instead of allowing the vessel to fall into bad hands who will convert it into a fire-ship such as may plunge the nation into flames, assist in steering it safely into port, laden with the country's welfare and glory. A few days ago I was in Lancashire. I stood in the

midst of a large room, in which there were more than a thousand power-looms at work, besides many other large rooms filled with spindles and other machinery. The room was lofty, and so well ventilated that the atmosphere was that of a gentleman's drawing-room. Several thousand, chiefly of young women, were employed, being clean in themselves, neat in their dress, and, as far as their faces spoke the truth, very healthy and happy. There were on the premises commodious dining-rooms for those who came from a distance, retiring-rooms for both sexes, reading-rooms for all. On inquiry, I found that so strict was the code of morality enforced, as well as the rules for cleanliness, that an *esprit de corps* had been generated amongst the hands employed which relieved the employers of all further trouble in the matter. The persons employed in these works will not themselves for a moment tolerate that any one of their number should be giddy in conduct, or untidy in person or dress. Employment at these works consequently was at a premium in

the neighbourhood. Applications for admission are so numerous that another room close by is being constructed, to contain 1,200 additional looms. I asked what was the secret of a factory, so often in all respects the very reverse, being thus made a happy and improving home. I found it to consist of a principle which, if the owners and occupiers of land would of their own accord adopt, there would be no need of an Agricultural Labourers' Union, the very principle, in short, which it is the object of the Union to establish. The principle, as stated by the owner of these works to me, and which, he added, had contributed as much to his own welfare as to that of his work-people, was expressed in the following few noble and striking words: "I have always held that the object of factories is, first, to make money; and, secondly, to improve the physical and moral condition of the persons employed in them; and my experience is, that the more consistently the latter of these two objects is pursued, the more certainly and largely the former is attained."

E. GIRDLESTONE.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIFE AT HOLYSHADE—AN ESTIMATE—
HOLYSHADIAN MORALITY—ENJOYMENT
—AIDS TO LEARNING—A HOLYSHADIAN
BOY'S DIARY—FAGGING—THE ORDEAL
—A PROSPECT.

I HAVE no hesitation in recording the fact, that, if I was not the best boy at Holyshade, at all events I was not the worst. Like Lord Nelson, I could say primly, as far as the Holyshade code went, "I have not been a great sinner." But I am equally bound to add, that I do not hold in high estimation the Holyshadian code of social morality, unless I am called upon to admire the justice of a thief who shares his plunder with his companion in the theft, and refuses to compromise his honour by turning Queen's evidence.

It was said by them of old time, that no Holyshadian would tell a lie, and that, therefore, any master could rely upon a Holyshadian's "honour as a gentleman."

I say that the honour depended on the circumstances.

When Tulkingham major, who could fag me, ingeniously branded my new bureau with my initials, using for that purpose the red-hot poker, did I give up his name to my tutor when he demanded it? No. Why? Because I thought I should get the worst of it with Tulkingham.

The boys themselves, with a keen sense of humour, had a graduated scale of honour, which was represented by the following formula:—

"Will you take your oath he was ten feet high?"

"Yes."

"Will you take your dying oath?"

"Yes."

"Will you bet sixpence?"

"No."

The Holyshadian youth was taught to pay some deference to authority in the hours of study, but he was likewise taught, that, in play-time, this same authority is a half-sleeping dog, which, as it is dangerous to approach, it is necessary to avoid.

Thus the Holyshadian learnt that there were bounds beyond which he might not venture.

He was told, for example, that boating on the river, beyond these bounds, was permitted, nay encouraged.

To be on the river was allowable; to be caught going to the river was punishable. Therefore the object of the boy, bent on enjoyment in a boat, was to get out of the way of any master whom he might happen to see on his way down to the river. The boy had to "shirk," that is, to dodge into a shop, or behind anything, anywhere, out of sight of the master. The latter knew it to be all nonsense; the former knew it too. Like the augurs, they would have laughed had they met. The Holyshadian Moral Code was easily summed up in one commandment, "*Do what you like as long as you are not found out.*"

But I shall presently state a case which roused all Holyshade at the time, and not Holyshade only, but the municipal authorities of the City of London, and two boys, two Holyshadians, whose guilt was known but to a select few, held out in the face of rigid examination and cross-examination, were proof against surprise, and thus it happened that, finally, Falsehood triumphed, and Vice was triumphant. Of this later on.

For my part, I took Holyshade as it came; and for me, after the first year, it came pleasantly enough.

My father never seemed to expect any learning from me, and was perfectly satisfied with my improved appearance in the holidays, when at Easter and Midsummer he took me to the Opera, which was an enormous treat. I did my best to prove myself worthy of this advancement.

If Holyshade can do anything for a boy, it can do one thing, and that is, make him independent.

Whether this be for his advantage, or not, is for the consideration of the Holyshadians generally. I answer, that, as the system was in my time, this independence was a disadvantage.

Practically, out of the actual school-room, the Holyshadian boy was his own master, and could do, within certain limits of time, just exactly what he pleased.

I am told that Holyshade is improved now-a-days. I am glad to hear it. It needed improvement. From what I have been able to gather from present Holyshadians, however, I am inclined to think that, in spite of some studies having been rendered compulsory, and official encouragement given to novel athletic sports, the *morale* of the place is very much the same as it was twenty-five years ago, and as it was twenty-five years before that, and as it will be, while the circumstances of its present existence remain unaltered, to the end of its time.

Only Holyshadian masters ruled over Holyshadian boys. They knew therefore by experience what was going on under their very noses, but, satisfied with results which had placed them where they were, and provided for themselves and their families for life, they did not intend to open their eyes to the fault of the system, or to own themselves wrong, where they had the credit, from outsiders, of being in the right. They pointed with pride to the names of Holyshadian worthies, but were loth to admit that each Worthy would have been worthier under better moral guid-

ance. That these have become great men is no proof of the system's excellence; that they have, in some instances, been good Christian men is certainly irrespective of it.

I remember busts of some of these Worthies arranged along the walls of the Upper School. Ghastly objects they were, with their dirty white faces, blank eyes, and dusty double chins, stuck up on brackets as though to warn the thoughtless youth against following in their footsteps, along the road to fame, which would bring them to this complexion at last.

Clerical Holyshadians, of the Tory High Church type, used to point with pride to a modern Holyshadian Worthy in the person of a Missionary Bishop, whose energy of character and physical capacities would have stamped him as remarkable in any profession. He was invariably spoken of, with much shaking of heads and uplifting of eyes and hands, as "Apostolic." The Holyshadians, who used this term, being pressed for an exemplification of its appositeness to this eminent Worthy, usually fell back on tales of the hardships and fatigues endured by their schoolfellow, and were never weary of narrating how his Holyshadian training had been of the greatest use to him in—swimming rivers. I do not think it was ever said that he received his strongest religious impressions from Holyshadian teaching.

I soon discovered that the Colvin nature was admirably adapted to the Holyshadian constitution.

Money was no object, apparently, not even to the tradesmen, who were kind enough to allow an almost unlimited credit. This was generous on their part, as it involved a risk. The tutors signed orders for clothes and books with the openhandedness of those liberal spirits who have *carte blanche* to deal with others' money.

I found myself in a new world, with a paper currency, and means at hand of obtaining present enjoyment, without the drawback of immediate outlay.

There were clubs, there were social

gatherings, there were, in fact, all the appliances at hand for forcing the young ideas, and turning growing boys into men before they were half through their teens.

The Holyshadian was, at a very early stage, initiated into the wary use of those miserable short cuts to knowledge known as "cribs." Better to have plenty of time for breakfast and tea, and five minutes for the preparation of lessons, than a few moments for either meal, and half-an-hour of careful, painstaking study. It was a simple plan. One boy took the "crib," and read from it slowly, the others seated about the room following him with the utmost attention, and each writing down with a pencil in his own book, any word which there was a chance of his forgetting.

As to the science of making Latin verses, why, it was clear that, as every Holyshadian, in my time, was compelled to make verses, whether he had any taste for the employment or not, anyone, stupid or clever, could make verses. If stupid, he would do stupid verses; if clever, clever. After a year and a half of this, a boy would be indeed a dunce if he had not mastered the knack of treating any theme in Ovidian metre, from the Birth of Minerva to the Reform Bill. Was there not a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, with a perfect store of epithets, which you could pick and choose at will, and fit in to measure? But, for the Holyshadian too stupid, or too busy with any of the various amusements, boating, billiards "up town," cricket, and so forth, to have any leisure for prose themes or Latin verses, what was he to do? Nothing—but to come to an understanding with someone to perform these learned exercises for him. In short, with a few honest, hardworking exceptions, mainly among the Collegers, the whole school was employed in getting the maximum of enjoyment with the minimum of work, out of Holyshade. They were fine dashing fellows, placed there to commence an acquaintance with those with whom they would either have to mix by right of birth and position,

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or with whom they might hope to be associated by good luck; and as to learning—well, if they picked up enough of it to pass creditably among some who knew no more, and others who knew less than themselves, that was sufficient, provided only they were gentlemen, and, this being granted, they might be what else they liked compatible with respectability.

Mathematics and modern languages were beneath a Holyshadian's notice. They were included among the "extras," as were also music and drawing. My personal and peculiar acquaintance with the properties of a triangle was limited to what I had seen of it as a musical instrument in a regimental band, or in the orchestra of a theatre.

The religion of Holyshade was a dull Respectability, hallowed by the external surroundings of antiquity. It was a "made" wine in a genuine cobwebby bottle.

Chapel-time on a whole holiday took the place of school-time. It had this advantage, that it required no preparation. It had this disadvantage, that it effected nothing for individual benefit.

How impressed has any visitor been on seeing that grave old Mediæval Chapel for the first time. What Holyshadian has not delighted in the sweet strains of the anthem sung by fresh young voices, and felt his heart throb at the rejoicings of the Hallelujah resounding beneath that glorious roof? Yes, for a moment he has seen the stones instinct with life; for a second, he has heard the echo of the past, and has mistaken it for the voice of the living. Another minute, and the grey stones are again inanimate, the momentary throb of life has ceased, the clanging doors are shut, and the echoes are once more homeless.

The time-mellowed colours of the venerable stained glass window, over the spot where once stood the altar, dye the sun's rays as they pass through to fall, in richly-toned patchwork, upon the chancel floor,—a variegated woof as unreal as the mere sentimentalism of religion. Save for this the chapel is cold and drear; for all that made its

glory and its life in the past, left it three hundred years ago, and all who gave it animation but half-an-hour since, are in the playing-fields, or on the river, rejoicing in their liberty. Well,—in after life the majority will find out how they have been educated only to enshrine Respectability, and, seeing, that, in the long run, this worship is the least irksome, and the most generally accepted, they will contentedly bring up their children in the practice of the same rites and ceremonies.

Apart from the highly instructive sermon in chapel, which those boys who had watches were accustomed to time anxiously, the sole approach to anything like a religious moral training, was, that on Sunday afternoon, or evening, a class had to read an abridgment of Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," in "Pupil-room" to their tutor. Paley's, in fact, were the only evidences of living Christianity in the place: the chapel and the College itself were monuments of a defunct Faith. It can be easily imagined how interesting this study was to a set of boys, from fourteen to sixteen, who would have willingly sacrificed to Jupiter (being on familiar terms with the heathen deities) for the sake of the hour's leisure, whereof Paley had deprived them.

Austin Comberwood wrote to me frequently, and through him I commenced a correspondence with Alice.

Deprived of my friend's recitals of Scott's novels, I developed a taste for light literature, and, inspired by Alice's "Blue Beard," I composed a drama on a story in a book of romantic legends, called "Chess with the Devil." About this time I began to keep a diary, and though separated by distance and by age from Austin, our friendship grew stronger and stronger. I told him everything concerning myself in my letters to him, a confidence which he was not slow to return. Alice, too, honoured me beyond my years with letters, which in after times were important, as voluntarily conferring upon me a sort of fraternal right to assist and advise, where assistance and advice were

possible from one so much her junior in every way.

I find an entry in my diary, dated September 19, after I had been a year at Holyshade:—

"Whitledge came for subscription to the Chapel Window. Humbug. Wrote to Governor for one pound. Will give less if I can. Subscribed to the Football and Field. No letter from Alice. Nor from Austin. Bad. Not heard from Governor for an age. Finished Charles O'Malley. Capital.

"SUNDAY.—Hot and fine: went for a walk with Biford mi. Met Uncle Herbert. He said he was only down for a day. Gave me seven and sixpence. Glad of this, as I am rather low in pocket. Thompson ma. offered me five shillings for my buttons. Shan't sell them till I am very hard up. Old Jugson's not quite so strict as he was.

"MONDAY.—Had a magnificent game of football. Worked like bricks. Got one shin. No letters again to-day: horrid bore that. Put in a lottery for a set of camelian (West's) buttons. Bill got 'em. Sarah came to put my light out. Baited her by lighting it again. Good night.

"TUESDAY.—No letter from Governor. Letter from Austin, at Boulogne in France. He begins to speak French. I don't. Hate extra work except for going out at night. Lark.

Another day:

"No letter. Pulled up to Squigley after four. Hunted swans coming back. Nearly swamped in locks in Bill's out-rigger, and so obliged to go in Parry's tub. Left Bill in the lurch, and hunted swans coming back. Dead tired."

Here is a sequence:

"So tired from yesterday's events I overslept myself, and went into school late, for which I got sixty lines of Long Ovid. Came back. Letter from Alice. Fryer came to-day for music lesson. Bore. What with fagging, music, and work for my tutor, I could only get five minutes for breakfast. Not much play for me to-day. Go to my tutor at a quarter to seven, and after twelve, and do a pœna after four."

Another extract :

"Pulled up with Hipworth mi. Hall steering. We've taken a chance boat."

This meant paying a certain sum to the proprietor of boats for the month or the week, and taking the chance of getting any sort of boat. It was a popular method with those who had not had boats built for them, especially towards the end of the boating season.

Extract continued :

"Pulled up in three-quarters of an hour, then coming back hunted swans. Fun. Must get order for jacket and things to pay Small's bill. Capital dodge. Alpaca overcoat to be cut into smoking coat and in-door coat. Amale-kite and coral studs at Dick's. Small will let me have onyx buttons for ten shillings. Reading Devereux. Bother, here we are at the beginning of another regular week. No letters."

The "regular week" meant one without a whole and a half holiday in it.

As to the fagging, how I remember crying over the first toast I ever made in obedience to my master's command. I had not got a toasting-fork, and so was obliged to stick the roughly cut piece of bread on a knife, and having wrapped a pocket-handkerchief round my hand, I knelt down before the fire to do my best. I roasted my face, and in changing my attitude dropped the slice into the ashes. Finding that I was unobserved, I picked it up, dusted it, replaced it on the knife, and continued the operation. To my disgust it suddenly became charred in the centre, while the bread remained perfectly white, but very dry, around the one black spot. One side being a comparative failure, I turned it, and hoped for a more successful result. In changing its front, however, it perversely glided off the knife, and fell once more among the cinders. Having carefully dusted it with my pocket-handkerchief, and blown off such specks of coal-dust as would have been fatal evidence against me if called on to assert that no accident had happened to it, I rather impatiently began again. To secure it from further

tumbles I rested the point of the knife on the second bar, and anxiously watched the browning process, which was very slow.

At this moment Gulston, a boy about my own age, ran in to say that all the fags had been dismissed, and that Leigh, our master (a boy in the Upper Fifth, to whom with other young slaves I had been allotted) had said I was to be sent to him at once. Thinking that the toast might help itself in my absence, I piled a dictionary and a lexicon on the fender, which supported the handle of my knife, while the point of the blade remained on the bar of the grate. I should not be absent long, and doubtless it would be ready on my return. I went into his presence trembling.

His "mess" consisted of three: himself, Dampier, and Crossland ma. They had each two fags, and so their table, at breakfast and tea was admirably served by six boys, who made the tea, the coffee, the toast, and cooked such delicacies as could be got out of sauce-pans and frying-pans in the way of a kind of washy omelette, excellent fried eggs, and buttered eggs (a superb dish by the way), fried ham, and chicken. Fags learnt something which was of considerable use to them when they arrived at that no-man's ground known as the Lower Division of the Lower Fifth, where there was rest at last, where the Holyshadian could neither fag nor be fagged; where, having served his time, he could enjoy himself, attending to his own luxuries and necessities.

"Where's the toast?" asked Leigh, who was waiting with some potted meat on his plate in anticipation of a choice finish to his tea.

"Not quite done," I replied trembling.

"Bring it," he said sharply, while his two companions eyed me suspiciously.

I returned to my own room where I had been experimentalizing. There was a strong smell of burning. The toast was smoking, and in another minute

would have been unfit for human food. I rushed at it, landed it on my table, ingeniously scraped it with my knife, dusted it once more with my pocket-handkerchief, and tried to flatter myself that Leigh would be too glad of the toast to scrutinize details. So I stuck it on the knife, and reappeared before him.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, while the two others laughed. "What's this?"

"Toast," I answered.

He did not attempt to touch it.

"You have been scraping it," he said, looking first at it, then at me, with the eye of one experienced in such matters.

"Scraping it?" I echoed innocently.

"Yes. Don't tell a lie about it. Haven't you?"

"I did—just—only—a—little," I replied, feeling that the supreme moment had arrived when I should be immediately ordered off to be tortured and executed.

"It's been in the cinders, hey?"

"No, not in the cinders," I answered, wishing to be very particular as to the exact truth.

"Then what did you scrape it for?" he asked, naturally enough.

"Because it did not fall in the cinders—only in the fender," I replied, with an attempt at a conciliatory tone.

"Oh, indeed!" said Leigh. Then turning to the others, he asked, "Is it to be the Chinese punishment, or the ordeal of the fork?"

They voted for the latter. I did not know what was in store for me, and so my pent-up feelings gave way, and I burst into tears.

"Oh, don't—please—I—couldn't—help—it—I never—toasted—before!"

My supplication was unheeded.

"Put your hand on the table, palm down, spread your fingers out," said Leigh, sternly. I obeyed convulsively.

"Now," he went on, "the ordeal of the fork will teach you to toast properly in future."

Then he took a fork and jobbed it down four times in rapid succession in the four spaces between my fingers, spread out on the table-cloth. It was

exciting, and I must say he exhibited considerable skill and dexterity in performing this feat about ten times, only prodding me, and that purposely, on the last occasion, when I cried out sharply, and was immediately told that in consequence of this ebullition I must receive the toasting-fork *bastinado*, which consisted of three thwacks from the prong-end of that switch-like instrument.

This I bore with Spartan courage, and, at its termination, I was about to quit the room, when Leigh called out, "Now, then! I didn't tell you to go, did I?"

"No."

"No fag can go without being told. Stop where you are."

"Let him do another bit on the toasting-fork for practice," suggested Dampier. Crossland *ma. cut* a slice off his loaf.

"Go and do it properly," said Leigh, presenting me with the toasting-fork, and taking care to give me a cut across my hand with it. Whereat I winced, but grinned. Thus was I being educated, socially, by the martyrdom of fagging.

Once back in my own room I gave way. I thought of home, of Ringhurst, of Austin, of Alice, of what they were doing at this time, and of the happy days I had spent there. I thought of Nurse Davis, little Julie, and the dear old days past and gone, of Frampton's Court, and it seemed to me as though my friends and acquaintances were one and all standing around me, bemoaning my suffering and degradation. Then, suddenly remembering the ordeal and the *bastinado*, and fearing lest the mysterious torture, alluded to as "the Chinese punishment," should be in requisition for my particular case, I braced myself up to the work, and produced such a highly finished work of toasting art, as sent me back to my master with an air of conscious pride. They had ended their meal, and paused in discussing some project of amusement to examine my *chef-d'œuvre*. It was so satisfactory, that Leigh informed me I

might have it for myself, and forthwith dismissed me.

And this was my first experience of fagging at mess. I have nothing to say against the system. On the contrary, I praise it on the whole, as practised at Holyshade in my time. Its abuses were rare, and were resented at once by the upper boys, themselves masters, on a fair representation of the state of the case being made to one of their leaders by the injured party.

I remember only one instance of cruelty. One of the Sixth Form, a Colleger, maltreated a small lower boy, Oppidan. Immediate action was taken. The Oppidans, about six hundred, invaded College in a body, headed by the Oppidan Captain, and demanded the surrender of the bully, who, however, had effected his escape by a back staircase. In the meantime, the masters, having got wind of what seemed to be the commencement of an insurrection, assembled for rapid consultation, and strategically cut off the return of the forces, by posting themselves at the head of every landing in College, where, the doors being only opened wide enough to admit one at a time, no boy could pass without encountering one or two authorities in their official dress, to whom he was obliged to render up his name and address.

Dr. Courtley summoned the whole of the Sixth Form, and himself, having heard the details, undertook the punishment of the offender. The school returned to its duties, and all went on as peaceably as heretofore. But it had been an awkward time. The boys were in the right, and the masters were, fortunately, sensible men: but one overt act, on either side, might have seriously affected the gravest Holyshadian interests.

Pleasantly enough, and carelessly enough in all conscience, my time now passed away at my tutor's, until an incident of a rather sporting character shortened my career at old Keddy's, and was the cause of my being thrown once more among some old friends, of whom for some considerable time I had lost

sight, and of my being present on a certain occasion, which was of more importance to me, in the future, than at the time I could have imagined possible.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT WE DID TO A SWAN—WHAT THE SWAN DID TO US—SOME HOLYSHADIAN CHARACTERS—A CHANGE—A VISIT—SOME OLD FRIENDS—A FRESH STEP IN THE STORY.

It occurs to me at this point to ask myself whether a child should be carefully blind to his grandmother's faults, as so many Holyshadians appear to be to those of their Alma Avia! For if the University be their Alma Mater, Holyshade College must be thus dignified.

Am I, as an Englishman, whose boast is that he lives in a free country, to protest that there is no better system of educating youths than that adopted at Holyshade? Britons "never, never, never, and never, for ever, will be slaves;" and the Holyshade plan leaves them to themselves, as I have already shown. If enslaved at all, they become slaves to themselves, to their own wills, to their own pleasures. My father was perfectly correct in his instinct as to this public school "making a man" out of the materials furnished by parents. But what sort of a man was to be turned out? Formed in the Holyshade mould, they were "men" of fifteen and sixteen, among whom there might, at rare intervals, be found a youthful Daniel living as if in the midst of Babylon, a Tobias in Nineveh, or a Thomas of Aquinas in the school at Naples. But the representatives of Daniel, Thomas, and Tobias, at Holyshade, were the objects of practical joking and derision. And they certainly were not lively boys, nor did anybody give them credit for genuine piety. They were only taken notice of to be kicked, or ignored contemptuously as sanctified humbugs. We, as boys, took much the same view of such pietists, as was the fashion among the luxurious pagans of

the old Roman Empire, *en décadence*, in regard to the austere early Christians.

Had Austin Comberwood been at Holyshade, I am certain he would have been the true model for a Holyshadian; for, he was religious without cant, ready to sympathize with all amusements, though not strong enough to take an active part in them himself; he was cheerful without being boisterous, and to the literary tastes of a scholar, he added the application of a student, while his natural sedateness was tempered by a sense of humour sufficiently keen to enable him to avoid anything approaching eccentricity. What Austin knew to be right, his will was strong enough to perform. He distinguished black from white, in whatever light it came before him, and, in morality, he recognized no such colour as grey. I think *he* would have passed through the Holyshadian furnace unscorched. Yet, having experienced those fires, I am glad, for his sake, and, remembering the after part of our career, for my own, that he was not my school-fellow at Holyshade.

At Midsummer, the public school week in town, was the realization of all our wildest and fastest dreams. They were days and nights to be recalled next schooltime, when we compared notes as to our London life, with all the zest of the heroes in that eminently delightful and morally improving, but now, alas! somewhat antiquated book, "Tom and Jerry."

I had well-filled pockets, and, unlike most other boys, who rather preferred school to home on account of its freedom, I was entirely my own master in London from morning to night; for I saw very little of my father, except on a dinner-party night, or when we went to a theatre, or the opera. Between fifteen and sixteen I was able to act the part of cicerone to Holyshadians, who, visiting the metropolis for that rollicking cricket week, wished to see as much of the amusements of the town, as their means would permit. I soon made myself acquainted with all that was worth hearing or seeing, between the hours of eight in the evening and two

next morning. The footman, who used to stop up for me on these occasions, was generously fed'd, to keep his eyes open as long as possible, and his ears on the alert for the first touch of the bell. My father heard from me of the aristocratic company I was keeping (which was perfectly true) and appeared highly satisfied with this portion, at all events, of my education.

About this time I had partially overcome my antipathy to Mr. Cavander, who, in his turn, seemed to entertain a more friendly feeling towards myself. My sore point now was my resemblance to a Manx cat, inasmuch as I was still untailed, and I yearned for the day when I should assume the virile toga and stick-ups. I was perfectly aware that for such scenes of enjoyment as were the glory of Lord's week, the absence of tails placed me at a disadvantage. At the end of my second year I came back in stick-ups, a sadder and a wiser boy; but much had happened ere that epoch arrived.

It will have been noticed in my diary that I had developed a decided taste for swan hunting. This predilection was shared by another boy, and led us into a difficulty.

Not being satisfied with the pleasures of the chase, we purchased a pistol. It was of antiquated make, and might have been exhibited as a curiosity in the armoury of the Tower. We bought it for half-a-sovereign, including a bullet-mould, lead, and an old powder-flask. My companion, Parry, who was not at my tutor's, shared the expense and the privileges appertaining to the possession of this formidable weapon. That we could not use it, while the boys were on the river disturbing our game, was clear; so, on consideration, we matured a plan which we carried into effect on the first whole holiday.

After twelve, we took our "tub," and hid it among the bushes, in a creek to which access could be easily gained from a neighbouring meadow, without going through the town. We kept our scheme to ourselves, as there was only pistol enough for two.

At three o'clock we were in chapel, and when the service was nearly half over, Parry and myself were, one after the other, seized with a sudden bleeding at the nose, which necessitated our immediate withdrawal, with our handkerchiefs up to our suffering organs.

No sooner were we out, than we rushed up a lane into the meadows, and thence to our boat, in which we immediately embarked, and, unseen by a single person, sculled across into the very home of the swans, among the rushes on the other side of the river. We were not dressed in our boating costume, as to stop for this would have been to court detection. Parry carried the pistol, I the powder and bullets, and, after loading, we tossed for first shot. I won it, and sat in the stern. As we glided swiftly into the tall rushes, the swans, aroused from their *siesta*, took fright, and scuttled away left and right. This panic was only momentary, as in another minute they had wheeled about, poking out their heads, wagging their tails angrily, and swelling out their feathers in evidently increasing wrath. One, which might have been a model for a Jupiter metamorphosed, took the lead, and, hissing furiously, came right at us. I was now facing him in the bows, while Parry was backing the sculls towards him.

"They can break an oar," said Parry, in alarm.

"And a man's leg," I added, feeling anything but comfortable.

"You must shoot him," cried Parry. "If you're afraid, let me! I've often shot at home."

This was, as it were, a taunt which a Colvin could not stand. I knew it was the first shot I had ever had in my life, that this was the first pistol I had ever been trusted with, loaded or unloaded, and my heart thumped as I grasped the handle with one hand, the trigger with the other, and with my head on one side looked at the swan out of my right eye. In another second, both my eyes were firmly screwed up, so as to render my aim in shooting perfectly impartial, and with a convulsive con-

tortion of the mouth and a nervous grasping of the trigger, I fired my first shot, and then stood amazed, and anxious as to the result. The report had almost stunned me, and the kick of the pistol had been like a powerful galvanic shock. I was puzzled and dazed; so were the swans.

"Now then," cried Parry, excitedly, "let me load."

I handed over the weapon to him, feeling rather abashed at the result of my ineffectual experiment. In the meantime the swans had recovered from their astonishment, and were recommencing hostilities. Parry, who was older and stronger than myself, now took so sure an aim, that, by good or ill luck as the reader may choose to deem it, he wounded the largest bird, just as it was breasting my scull, so severely as to render a second shot absolutely merciful. After a few convulsive struggles the swan was dead. And here I beg to inform all poets that this swan, previous to his quitting life, did not sing one note. He uttered a sort of a rasping sound, like that produced by a bow when scraped on the above-bridge part of the violin-strings. But as to any sweet melody, this particular swan had no more pretension to it in his dying moments than a pig under the knife. We did not stop to discuss this question, but, having lugged him into our boat, we pulled into the stream and made for a quiet nook in dead-water, where we two guilty ones could talk over the best method of disposing of our victim. The Ancient Mariner was not more exercised in conscience, than were we, now, by our unexpected success.

"They're royal birds," said Parry, lifting up one of our jackets, and regarding the lifeless mass as it lay at the bottom of the boat. "They're royal birds, I've heard, and for killing one, I forget what a fellow gets, but it's something awful."

"Is it?" I replied; "then we'd better bury it."

We had no spades, we had no picks, and saw no way of hiding it on the island where we were moored.

"Sink it with stones," said Parry.

This was evidently the very thing. We managed to unscrew the iron chain at the bows, and after a long search we found a stone sufficiently heavy for our purpose. We succeeded in binding the carcase to the stone with rope and chain, and then, looking this way and that, to be sure we were still unobserved, we plunged it into the middle of the stream. It disappeared with a dull plash, but it did disappear, and we regarded each other as though we expected to see its ghost.

The rest of that "after four" we spent in watching the spot where the swan *had* gone down, and we came away with misgivings as to the result of this day's sport.

We kept our secret to the end.

The third party to the secret, that is, the swan, could not rest in his watery grave. Murder would out, and two mornings after this I hurried off to Parry's room, to tell him what I had heard from one of the "men at the wall," of whom there were four privileged to sell sweets, fruits, and cakes to the boys in the open air in front of the school-house, and one of whom (Spiky) had the odious reputation—perfectly undeserved, I believe—of being a spy in the pay of the masters.

Spiky was a character. His short thick neck seemed to have sunk in between his high shoulders, as though overburdened by the disproportionately big round head it carried. He was fresh-coloured, with little piggy eyes, and the sliest smirk imaginable. He carried a tin box, divided into trays, filled with cakes below and apples above. He was always tidy and clean, and his boast was that he knew everything about every boy's pedigree in the school. Directly a new boy appeared, he addressed him in an unctuous tone, and in a sing-song style, with his head much on one side, thus—supposing myself the boy—

"Well, my little Colvin, son of Sir John Colvin, of the City, stockbrokers, Colvin, Wingle, and Co., and of Langoran House, Kensington. How do you

do, sir, this morning? What can I do for you, sir, this morning?" Then turning to a very small boy, about twelve years old, in a very much damaged hat, "Well, your grace, what for you this morning, your grace? This is his grace the Duke of Chetford; his noble mother the Duchess was one of the most beautiful ladies ever seen, and often have I had the pleasure of serving his noble and excellent father, when he was a boy, on this very spot." Whereupon his little grace would invest in a tart or whatever luxuries Spiky might have in his portable store.

"Well, my little Colvin," he had said to me, on the morning in question; "did you go a shooting of the poor swan as they've picked up by the bridge?"

I was very nearly surprised out of my secret. Had I been thinking of it less, I have no doubt I should have confessed on the spot. As it was, I asked ingenuously—

"What swan?"

"What swan, my little Colvin? Why, the swan as was shot a day or two ago, and as belongs to Her Majesty the Royal Queen, and the Mayor and Corporation of the City of London, where Sir John Colvin has his office. It ain't quite a hanging matter, but very near it."

"Who'll be hung?" I asked.

"I don't know, my little Colvin; no, sir, I don't, sir; but there'll be a nice to do, sir, if they catch 'em, sir, whoever it was, sir. What for you this morning, my little Bifford minor?"

"What have you got, Spiky?" inquired Bifford minor, who was getting fatter than when he had been at Old Carter's. After inspection, he said, hesitatingly—

"I haven't got any money."

"That don't matter, Minor," replied the accommodating Spiky; "you take your banbury now, my little Bifford, sir, and you pay me another time, sir."

Leaving Bifford to the enjoyment of his banbury, I hurried off to Parry.

"We shall be discovered," I said.

"We shan't," said Parry, quietly.

"We can't be if we don't tell. Who's to know?"

"Perhaps somebody saw us," I suggested.

"Well, then, somebody will tell of us. *We won't,*" he answered.

We kept our own counsel. There was a great disturbance, and boy after boy was questioned on suspicion. Once Gulston, a friend of ours, was nearly convicted. Then I went to Parry.

"Look here," I said; "we can't stand by while he's punished."

"We won't," said Parry, phlegmatically, "when he is to be punished."

"But if they prove he did it—" I began.

"How can they prove *he* did it, when *we* did it?" asked my partner in guilt.

The force of this argument as a poser was evident. I was still uncertain as to our course, should they examine us separately.

"Supposing," I put it, "your tutor sent for you, and asked you if you shot the swan, what would you say?"

"I should say I didn't," returned Parry, "because it would be jolly unfair to ask such a question. I'll own it when they've found it out. Not till then."

After a while, when the excitement had worn off, somehow or another everyone suddenly knew all about it. My tutor, Mr. Keddy, sent for me privately and lectured me.

"Your conduct, Colvin," he said, in his shrillest tone, rubbing his hair irritably, "has been abominable; most abominably bad. I have written to your father. I don't know whether I shall keep you here or not."

I retired rather crestfallen. Parry was in any case going to leave at the end of the half. To be sent away was unpleasantly like expulsion.

However, the cards were to be played in my favour. The Rev. Vickers Raab, one of the senior masters, and the best scholar of Holyshade, was at feud with most of the authorities, from Dr. Courtley, whom he delighted to mimic, down to Mr. John Smoothish, the lowest master of the lowest form, and he indulged in

many a jest at the expense of Mr. Keddy, of whose acquirements he entertained a not very exalted opinion, and at whom personally he had laughed from the time they had been both Collegers together at Holyshade. It was sufficient for Mr. Keddy to think something uncommonly right, in order to convince Mr. Raab that it was most egregiously wrong.

Now, Mr. Raab having some business to transact in the City, went to Colvin and Cavander for advice, and, in the course of conversation, heard from my father of my being at Holyshade.

Sir John therefore consulted him on this affair, and being really terribly afraid lest I should have incurred some indelible disgrace, was delighted to find that Mr. Raab viewed the whole thing as a joke, and considered me perfectly right in not having confessed to the death of the swan.

"I'll take him into my house," quoth Mr. Raab disinterestedly; and thus it happened that I changed my tutor.

Mr. Raab's house was the easiest, pleasantest, and most carelessly managed of all the houses in Holyshade, and his boys were the readiest, smartest, laziest, larkiest, and merriest of all the boys in that great school. We all liked him as no other set of boys liked their tutor. We did not reverence him in the least. He was outspoken, bluff, bold, and intolerant of affectation in any shape, but especially clerical affectation. He was hot-headed, and quick tempered; of a mercurial disposition. He was fond of giving his pupils an occasional treat, on which no one save himself would have ventured. He had an absurd nickname for every boy in the house, and for a great many out of it. He was partial to theatrical entertainments in any form, from the solemnities of the Greeks down to the frivolities of the Londoners in his own time; and whenever the little theatre of the neighbouring town was opened for a short season, he would make a point of taking us to see the performance, and treating us, on our return, to supper in his dining-room. On these occasions he invariably went behind

the scenes, and gave any children, who might be playing, a kindly pat on the head, and sixpence for their pockets.

On the second evening of one of these seasons, Mr. Raab took us to see—I forget exactly what piece, but I fancy it was called *The Field of Forty Footsteps*. The two Biffords were of our party, and quarrelled for a bill, which, on its falling between them, I picked up, and, to my surprise, read that the two principal characters were to be played by Miss Carlotta Verney, and Miss Lucrezia Verney.

For the moment I was puzzled by the latter name, having forgotten that Julie possessed two. But the play had scarcely begun, when I recognized her, though she did not appear to have seen me.

Both the sisters were looking remarkably handsome, and I actually began to boast of my acquaintance with this couple of charming young actresses. Not being afraid of confiding this to Mr. Raab, he promised me that I should accompany him after the first act behind the scenes. I noticed that Carlotta's eyes were fixed for the greater part of the time on the private box at the side, where sat three officers, with whose faces I was perfectly familiar, as they were *old* Holyshadians, though very young officers, having recently joined, and were frequently mixed up in our cricket matches and boat races. I could not avoid following the direction of Carlotta's eyes, and I found that they invariably rested upon a handsome, brown-complexioned man, with very small features, bright eyes, and dark, crisp, curly hair, who seemed to be watching the performance intensely, as he never once, as long as Carlotta was on, took his eyes off the stage. He did not talk much to his companions, and, on the fall of the curtain, he rose at the same moment as Mr. Raab and myself. When we came on the stage, we found him engaged in conversation with Carlotta, who was beaming with pleasure at his marked attention, and my tutor saluted him briskly by a name that seemed to me like Mr. Herby. It turned out that this had

been his soubriquet at Holyshade, his real title being Sir Frederick Sladen.

"How do you do, Master Cecil?"

It was Julie's voice, and in another minute I was talking to her and Carlotta, who, I thought, did not seem best pleased at the interruption.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOLYSHADE SETS—UP AT BARRACKS—
MEN OF THE WORLD—THE TWO SISTERS
—ROCKS AHEAD—I AM ASTONISHED
NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME—TWO MYSTERIOUS VISITORS.

IN public scholastic life the Holyshaders were divided into Forms. In private life the Holyshaders had divided themselves into Sets. Being at Raab's, and being an independent boy of fortune, my lot was cast in a fast set, whose ranks were recruited from all the other sets. It was especially fast by reason of its being a monied set. Its chiefs were, in my time, at Raab's, where, as I have already shown, we enjoyed more liberty than fell to the share of any other house in the College. We played cards in our rooms, and during our school-time held an imitation Crockford's at The Chichester Inn, where also we had breakfast and dinner parties, the former, on Sundays, being remarkable for a profusion of grilled chickens, boiled ham, and poached eggs, when what was, in the school slang of my time, known as "hot sock" was forbidden in our own rooms.

We had among us the best "Wet bobs," as the boys were termed who were addicted to amusing themselves with "Aquatics," and the foremost "Dry bobs" of the cricketers. We were a fortune to Mrs. Frizley, the stout proprietress of a small cigar-shop, where there was a "counter attraction" in her florid and far from ill-looking niece who served the youthful customers. Bifford major, who, though neither a wet nor dry bob, was a noted billiard player, had been for some time "one of us," before my admission into the select circle, and with him and his invariable antagonist at the game, little Lord Pilchard, who

was seventeen, and a head shorter than any other Holyshader of his own age, I used to frequent Disey's billiard rooms "up-town," whence, if they were occupied, we would proceed to the barracks, where I soon found myself quite at home. In these quarters I met Sir Frederick Sladen, and Percival Floyd, whom I had last seen at Ringhurst, on the occasion of the theatricals.

Floyd had developed into a tall, large-boned man, with such a sheepish expression as quite toned down the ferocity of his drooping blonde moustache. I was puzzled by this moustache, and, at first, had some difficulty in believing in its genuineness, as it seemed, after all, such a short time since Floyd had been the biggest boy at old Carter's. Sir Frederick was loquacious. Floyd was bashfully silent. I was not surprised, after our meeting on the stage, at hearing Sir Frederick Sladen full of the praises of Carlotta Verney, while, from the eloquent badinage of which his quieter companion was the object, I gathered that Floyd entertained a liking for little Julie.

Finding myself a person of some importance as a friend of the Verney family, I was easily induced to give such particulars as I considered likely to interest my military acquaintances, throwing in, I am afraid, a considerable dash of romance in order to suit the picture to the taste of my audience, and give myself the air of a thorough man about town invested with the privileges of the *coulisses*.

That I was, at this time, a thorough little coxcomb, I need not, after the foregoing candid admission, point out to my readers; nor will it be necessary to show, that, in no sort of way, directly or indirectly, was there any moral or religious influence, in the *vie intime* of Holyshade, to counteract the great benefits accruing to the individual from this admirable system of almost uncontrolled liberty, which was, and perhaps is now, the proud boast of this great school. My time was, within certain pleasant limits, my own, and how well I was learning to make use of it, the student

of these records will have already noticed.

Having ascertained the sentiments of undisguised admiration for my two fair friends professed by these warriors, nothing would satisfy me but I must acquaint the young ladies themselves with their great good fortune. At the same time I conceived a personal dislike for Floyd, which I had never entertained for him when he was Captain of Old Carter's school. Then, I feared him; now, I did not. He had not had a public-school training, but had entered the army with all his blushing gawkiness still upon him. A Holyshadian, five years his junior, was a better man of the world than he. He was a Goliath, I a David; but as it was the fashion to learn boxing (we had gloves at my tutor's for our evening recreation after "lock-up"), I took it into my head to master the noble art of self-defence, with a view to ascertaining the exact scientific blow which, should on an emergency, lay the giant at my feet. To see Floyd prostrate before me, to rescue and to fly with Julie—I do not in the least know where I intended to take her—was the melodramatic tableau that presented itself to my imagination.

The two sisters lodged in a cheerful little house, on the outskirts of the town, where—Julie having given me her address—I went to pay them a visit, and make an offering of flowers; for Holyshadians are noted for their love of bouquets, and the sellers of the earliest violets, and lilies of the valley, make a good thing out of their sweet merchandise.

When I entered, Julie was seated at the piano, and Carlotta was standing at the window with some needle-work in her hand.

They were in the midst of a discussion.

I presented my flowers, without compliments, and then felt that I had arrived at an awkward moment.

Carlotta was frowning, and Julie was thoughtfully reclining in her chair, while her left hand was going through a system of fingering on the notes without producing any sound.

"I've been talking about you," I said to Julie, jumping in *medias res* with a vengeance, "to Floyd. I was at school with Floyd."

Carlotta looked at her younger sister somewhat sharply, and smiled. Her smile was meant to be sarcastic. I saw that, and concluded instinctively that something had gone wrong, and that the something in question was not wholly unconnected with the two military heroes.

"And what had you to say about me?" asked little Julie quietly.

It was quite astounding to me as a boy to see what a thorough woman she was. Not the sort of woman of my barrack-room romance. Far from it. Whatever I might have said to Floyd and Sladen, I felt that she exercised over me so soothing and gentle an influence, as to make me, for the time, less of a puppy or a coxcomb (which you will), and to transport me to the pure atmosphere of our childhood. Her large, soft grey eyes seemed grave and calm as if reflecting the certain light of the Spirit of Truth. Sweetly persuasive, a good and sensible little woman at sixteen was Julie, and, in after life, years have but intensified her sterling character.

"They were speaking," I replied, craftily evading a direct answer, "more about Lottie than about you, Julie. Sladen was chaffing Floyd about spooning,"—this I said with malice aforethought, and again I noticed Carlotta's smile as she glanced at her sister,—“and then the other fellows said they supposed there would soon be a Lady Sladen, and asked him for wedding-cake.”

My report of what had been said in my hearing was, after all, not far from the truth. I suppressed details. I wanted to hear what the girls had to say.

Julie rose, with a very serious air. Lottie's head was turned away from her, towards the window. Presently Julie spoke, tenderly but firmly.

"Lottie."

"Well."

"You were wrong to go out walking with Sir Frederick Sladen without me."

"I'm older than you are, and suppose I know what's right and what's wrong.

Allons donc," replied Carlotta, in a sudden burst of temper.

In the dancing academy where she had hitherto been employed, French was the language of the principals, and she had picked up scraps, which, when at all angry, she threw into her conversation, in an off-hand manner.

"Yes, Lottie, you are older, but you have not seen so much, or anything like so much, of this sort of life as I have. Remember, dear, I have been on the stage since quite a baby, and I know well enough what fools girls can make of themselves."

"Thank you, Julie, for the compliment," returned her sister, making a mock curtsy. "I don't see why I'm a fool for talking to Sladen"—Carlotta was too impetuous to stick at titles—"any more than you are for talking to Floyd."

"Mr. Floyd," said Julie, calmly, "knew Papa in London, and we had met him in the country, when we were at those theatricals," she explained turning to me.

"Ringhurst?" I said.

"Yes," returned Julie, "and he reminded me of that after he had asked Charlton to introduce him again to me." Charlton was the manager's name. "I have merely been civil to him, and, as you say, I am not so old as you, and he considers me, perhaps, as only a little girl. After he had spoken to me the first time, I really do not think he has said another word. But in spite of my begging you not to allow Sir Frederick Sladen to come here when I was out, he has been."

"I could not prevent his walking in when he was passing," retorted Carlotta; "and as he said that he should like nothing so much as a cup of tea with us, I couldn't tell him to go, *n'est ce pas?* And then you came in."

"We met Floyd at Mr. Comberwood's," I remarked at this point, by way of distinctly corroborating Julie's previous statement.

"I don't see that makes any difference," said Carlotta.

"Well, Lottie, promise me you won't

see Sir Frederick alone again while we're here."

"I won't promise nothing of the sort," said Carlotta, colouring, and throwing her work down on a chair. When Lottie doubled her negatives, she was obstinacy itself,—for the moment. "I am quite old enough to take care of myself."

"Then," replied Julie with determination, "I shall write again to Mother, or Aunt, and ask her to come down."

"You may do what you like, and I shall do what I like," said Carlotta, tossing her head. "I'm sure I don't care. *Ça ne fait rien.*"

"Yes you do, Lottie," said Julie, going up to her sister caressingly.

Lottie resented this.

"Don't smaul and carney me about, Ju," she said, inventing, in her impatience, a word of her own for the occasion.

Julie, standing quietly by her side, continued: "If you fell in love with him"—again Lottie blushed, but shrugged her shoulders with affected carelessness—"what would happen, dear?"

Not a word from Lottie.

"Whatever he may say," Julie continued, pointedly, "whatever he may say, do you think that he really means to ask you to be his wife?"

"Why not, I should like to know? I s'pose we're as good as him and his any day, ain't we?" Carlotta said, indignantly, her feelings getting the better of her grammar.

Carlotta was a thoroughly downright girl. She spoke out all she had to say. It did not occur to her that others could be reticent, or were capable of saying one thing and thinking another. Language, for her, was made for expressing her thoughts, not for concealing them. A man who could look her full in her handsome face, speak without faltering, would be trusted by her, even though he should utter deceit. Open and straightforward herself, she was only to be duped by a manner made to resemble, superficially, her own. Sir Frederick Sladen possessed this art, unconsciously.

"I don't mind," said Julie, emphatically, "how much you see him if Papa, or Mother, is here, and they know all about it. One of them will be down to-morrow."

"You've written and told Mother?" asked Carlotta, frowning.

"No," answered Julie, "I have only written and asked Aunt, or Papa, to keep their promise of coming to see us from Saturday till Monday."

Carlotta was silent for a few minutes. Looking at my watch, I found that my visit would have to be brought to a close, so that I might get back in good time for five o'clock school.

Julie now proposed to her sister that they should accompany me, a little way, as far as a certain greengrocer's, where they were in the habit of buying such luxuries as watercresses for their tea, which they took about two hours before the opening of the theatre at seven.

They occupied but a few seconds in their simple preparations for the walk, and we were soon in the High Street.

Mr. Floyd on horseback, turning the corner at that moment, saluted us with, it appeared to me, the utmost respect. He was, as I have said, an awkward, loutish-looking creature, with very little to say for himself; and on this occasion he looked, I thought, as if he regretted his equestrian position, which prevented him from joining our little party. The truth was, as I discovered afterwards, that he could not make out from little Julie's manner whether she wished him with her or not, and his modesty getting the benefit of the doubt, he contented himself with looking wistfully after Julie's receding figure, rather expecting her, or her sister, to act like Lot's wife when flying from danger, and then rode slowly onward in the opposite direction.

"What a lolloping fellow that old Floyd is," said Carlotta, with just a sparkle of mischief in her bright eyes.

Julie smiled slightly.

"I dare say," Carlotta presently continued, by way of making reparation, "he's not so bad when you know him. *N'est ce pas?* But he makes me die o' laughing to see him sitting at the

theatre and staring at you, Julie, as if he was a stuck pig. And when he come to tea, he upset his cup and didn't say a word."

Genius is above rule. Where grammar was concerned, it will have been already clear that Lottie was a genius.

She evidently wanted to hear Julie defend her admirer. Whether Julie would have spoken on the subject, or whether she did subsequently speak on it, she has never told me (though she has told me many things, and from her I have been able to obtain many of the connecting links of this record), but at that instant I perceived Mr. Karfax, the master of the Upper Middle Division, fifth form, only a few steps in front of me, engaged in conversation with three ladies and a gentleman. The latter was Sir Frederick Sladen, and the tallest of the three ladies was evidently, by the likeness, Sir Frederick's mother. Being out of bounds, I was forced to "shirk" into a shop until the danger (Mr. Karfax, the strictest master at Holyshade, with one exception, being the danger) had passed. Luckily for me, he and his party turned and came up hill, not in the direction of Holyshade, and they went by the window of the shop into which I had retired, meeting Carlotta and Julie, the former blushing deeply, the latter looking very sedate.

I was astonished to see that the only sign of recognition of the sisters made by Sir Frederick, as he passed them with an elegantly-dressed young lady on his arm, was a familiar and half-patronizing nod, evidently intended to be unseen by his fair companion, who regarded Lottie and Julie with supreme disdain.

This movement of his caused me to obtain a glimpse of her face, when, surprised out of myself, I exclaimed to the shopwoman, by whose counter I was taking refuge—

"Why, it's Alice!"

It was. Alice Comberwood on Sir Frederick Sladen's arm.

As I could not without personal risk, on account of Mr. Karfax, issue from my concealment, I was obliged to let

this opportunity slip of greeting Alice, and inquiring after Austin.

I had not time now to bid good-bye to Julie, as Karfax had quitted his party and was fast approaching behind me *en route* for the school, where he was as much wanted at five o'clock as I. Only with a difference.

I fled before his face, and reached my tutor's in time to fetch my books.

As I was running out of the house, the butler, whom, by the way, it occurs to me, we used to call Trusty Jim, I forget why, but I think because he used to inform my tutor of anything going wrong in the house that was likely to get himself personally into trouble—Trusty Jim called out—

"Two gents come to see you. One a furriner, and a stoutish, fine-looking gent, with a message from your father *has* is werry important; and they must see you 'mejutly."

"Where are they, Trusty?" I inquired, anxiously.

I foresaw an excuse for leave out of five o'clock school.

"They're about somewhere," replied Trusty Jim, vaguely. "I told 'em *has* you'd be out again at six, and they said *has* they'd call again, and I warn't to let you go without seeing 'em."

A most important message from my father! My curiosity was aroused. Fortunately I was not called upon to exhibit my knowledge of my lesson, for, what with furtively looking at my watch, straining my ears to catch the very first stroke of the hour by the old school-yard clock, and trying to see if there might be two strangers walking about outside, I could bestow but very little attention on my book.

At last the hour struck.

Pell-mell we hustled one another out of school (being punctual to a second in leaving), and, detaching myself from the crowd, I hurried to my tutor's.

"The two gents," said Trusty Jim, "*has* now in your room."

My heart beat fast as I ascended the staircase, for I had an undefinable dread of some misfortune.

To be continued.

ANGLICAN DEACONESSSES.

SEVERAL years have gone by since reference was made in this Magazine to the working of the Deaconess Institution in Germany, and a sketch was given of the central Home established at Kaiserswerth. The subject was interesting to ourselves chiefly as regarded the establishment of a somewhat similar institution in England. Deaconesses had been recognized by the rulers of the English Church; it remained to see how they would fulfil their mission: and it is this question which we now propose to consider.

Is the Deaconess Institution in England, as in Germany, a success? If not, then, in whatever degree it may be considered to have failed of success, what is the cause?

There are doubtless many persons who will without hesitation answer the question of success in the negative. The fact that probably nine-tenths of the so-called Religious world scarcely yet know of the existence of Deaconesses may be adduced as a sufficient proof of the assertion. We see Sisterhoods springing up in every direction—Clewer especially gaining influence, external support, devoted workers; but the few Deaconesses who have connected themselves with the parent Institution in London work in comparative obscurity, with an increase of numbers scarcely perceptible, carrying on their labours with difficulty, and only occasionally able to scatter seeds which are to bear fruit elsewhere.

Now, why is this?

One answer which suggests itself is, that the Sisterhoods have been almost without exception the outgrowth of individual zeal. In this respect they have resembled Kaiserswerth, and the effect of this original impetus can scarcely be over-estimated. The founders of the

several Societies yearned for the work in a spirit of self-devotion, and could not but carry it out—if not in their own persons, at least by the sacrifice of their own wealth. The Deaconess Institution, on the contrary, was set on foot by a body of influential members of the English Church, who had comparatively little time and little money to devote to it, but who felt that it was a need, and trusted that if they could organize it others would work it. This is not the mode by which any rapid and marked success is ever attained.

But yet more. The Sisterhoods have had a growth of nearly thirty years, and in that period they have developed with the spirit of the age, and become more or less Ritualistic. The small white house standing in its quiet garden, which was the original Home of the Clewer Sisters of Mercy, is not more unlike the present mediæval building, with its cloister and courts, its simple yet artistic cells, its chapel, rich with carving and steeped in a "dim religious light," pouring through painted windows, than is the service of the English Church in the bare simplicity of fifty years ago to the elaborate ceremonial which, if not fully accepted, is yet rapidly making its way into every community that has adopted the doctrines of Ritualism.

Now, it is against this spirit of the age, this seductive influence, clothed, as it undeniably is, in the garb of all which is zealous and self-devoted, that the supporters of the Deaconess Institution have—not to contend, whilst Ritualism is acknowledged as an admissible development of the English Church it would be fratricidal to contend with it but—to make their own way, compelling the world to recognize their principles, and to own that self-sacrifice and earnest piety can exist, and, what

is more, can effectually work, apart from ceremonials and doctrines which give offence to "weak brethren," and awaken suspicion even in those who may venture to call themselves "strong."

It is a difficult—one prays that it may not be an impossible—task, but we may be encouraged if we recognize it as the one great obstacle to the spread of the Institution with which the Kaiserswerth Sisters have never had to contend.

And if the German Deaconesses have in no way been forestalled by the work of others, so also they have not been circumscribed, or at least not to any large extent, by the necessity of creating limits for themselves. The established Protestant Churches in Germany apparently require but one external bond of union—opposition to the claims of Rome. The Deaconesses are not necessarily Lutheran, Calvinistic, or Episcopal; they are what the Reformed Church of the country in which they are settled may happen to be. In this way they can spread themselves in every land, and present to the world an imposing spectacle of successful, united work, which cannot fail to draw members to the Institution.

Can the Anglican Deaconesses do this? It is a very attractive idea, could it be carried out. In other words, is the relation of the English Nonconformists to the English Church like that of the German Reformed Churches to each other? Most assuredly not. The German Churches have for the most part a position recognized by the State. They resemble the Presbyterian Church established by law in Scotland rather than the Dissenting bodies in England; each has a distinct territory, and can afford to be liberal because possessing a clear idea of its respective limits.

This is one reason why the framework of the German Institution cannot in its precise form be successfully introduced into England. But there is another and a more important one. The German Churches look upon the differences which separate them from each other as lying on the surface. Anglicans

regard those which exist between themselves and their Nonconformist brethren as fundamental; and even in a worldly point of view the Anglican Deaconesses would lose influence by ignoring them.

It is the more needful to dwell upon this fact that the Deaconesses are a body expressly connected with the English Church, because an idea has in some cases gone abroad that they are willing to make light of this connection. The mistake may perhaps have arisen from the circumstance of an English Deaconess being present at one of the Kaiserswerth conferences as the representative of the Anglican branch of the Institution. Whether it was wise at the commencement of such a work as that of re-establishing the order of Deaconesses to take a step which, however simple and charitable in itself, might naturally be open to misconception, is certainly to be doubted; but it is an undeniable fact that such an association with the German societies involves nothing like subjection or interference, and is indeed only the expression of the kindly sympathy which the followers of one Lord cannot fail to entertain towards each other, when all are alike devoting themselves to His service in works of benevolence.

The Deaconesses of the English Church are, then, it must be remembered, distinctly Anglican; and the strength of the Institution will surely be found in the steadfast maintenance of Anglican principles as distinct from all extremes either of Ritualism or Puritanism, because with these principles the English Church itself must either stand or fall. It would seem impossible to have watched carefully the swaying to and fro of the great body of religious thought in this country in the last ten years without coming to the conclusion that, notwithstanding the apparent progress of extreme opinions, especially in one direction, the permanent effect of such efforts to establish advanced doctrine has been to unite more closely persons of various shades of opinion who look upon extremes with distrust. The bitterness of party feeling between

moderate Churchmen and moderate Evangelicals is rapidly diminishing; and, united, they may hope still to retain for the Church of England that character of fairness, charity, and sincerity which has, through God's mercy, enabled it so long to stand as the bulwark of Truth against opposite errors. Yet it must be remembered that if the strength of any body, whether social or material, lies in its social centre, so also does its weakness. Strength implies vigorous life; and a centre without life must die, and the extremities will then break off. God forbid that such should be the fate of the English Church! but if those who love her in her ancient simplicity would enlarge her borders and strengthen her foundations, they must do so not only by moderation, but by united zeal. It is here that one of the practical difficulties for the Deaconess Institution lies. Zeal which shall know how to stand firm in principle whilst it moves with the age in action is very rare, and, as a rule, the world does not appreciate it. Seeing that it goes so far, it cannot comprehend why it does not go farther. And religious enthusiasm requires external excitement. Ritualism offers this excitement, and young minds are almost unavoidably attracted by it. This alone would be a cause why the members of Sisterhoods are many, whilst the Deaconesses are few. But it does not follow that a more simple, free, and—perhaps one may venture to say—more natural form of a life devoted to works of mercy should not also find its place in the English Church, for there are assuredly many who would welcome it.

Rome, in her wonderful wisdom, recognizes both phases of religious self-devotion. She has her rigid Conventual orders, and her more expansive Sisters of Charity. But the Sisters of Charity are not disappointed because they do not occupy the whole ground themselves; and so neither may the Deaconesses be disappointed. Their progress has indeed been slow; but they have stood, and that, in this age of rapid change, is saying much. They grow slowly, but nevertheless they do grow;

and the only important question for them is how they may spread more effectually.

The suggestions which are about to be made upon this point are, it must be remembered, merely those of a bystander who has never taken part in such works. They are thrown out with no other view than that of calling attention to the subject and bringing out the thoughts of others; for even ideas which are only stated to be proved fallacious may sometimes in this way be almost as useful as those which are ultimately adopted.

And first—is it quite impossible that the Deaconess Institution, following the example of the Kaiserswerth model, should recognize, as associated with it, other societies working upon its own principles? Would those societies object to such a connection? The Sisters of St. John, for instance, who superintend King's College Hospital, and whose principles are essentially Anglican, might they not hold out the hand of fellowship to the Deaconess Sisters? Without allowing the slightest interference in their own regulations, would it be impossible for them to be Deaconesses as well as Sisters in name? Might not the governors and members of the two Institutions meet, compare their respective difficulties, report progress, assist each other by mutual sympathy? And if two such bodies set the example, are there not others, scattered over the face of the country, working almost singly, and often under discouragement, who might be induced to come forward and unite themselves to the common centre?

It does not follow that all who are so working should pledge themselves to the society as fully as the ordained Deaconesses. The Sisterhoods own the necessity of recognizing associate Sisters. Why may not the Deaconesses do the same? Surely even solitary individuals, who have at their own charge undertaken works of mercy, and who are not mere theorists but practical workers, might be recognized as Associate Deaconesses, and receive the support which

connection with a recognized Institution cannot fail to give.

There would be very few binding laws of union required. Kaiserswerth gives us a most important example on this point. The German Deaconesses are servants of the Church—so must the English Deaconesses be. The Bishops of the Church would always be recognized as their head; and whatever the Bishops disapprove, that would without doubt be relinquished *bonâ fide*. Beyond this little would be needed.

It certainly seems that if such a gathering-up of the different threads of the great web of individual charity which has spread itself over the land could once be effected, the Deaconess Institution would possess an influence which in its present form it cannot hope to obtain. Yet more might it hope to be effective if it adopted as its principle that of free discussion before the world.

There are two methods by which to excite the public interest: one—at first sight the most imposing—is that of mystery. Shut out the world from an entrance into your home; hide from it what you are doing, and it will strain every nerve to gain admittance. On the other hand, open your doors, bid the world enter, and make it your confidant, and it will listen, until at length it feels compelled to take part with you. The former principle, Mystery, is that of the Romish Conventual system; the latter, Publicity, is, on the whole, that of the German Deaconesses. And the English mind, although open to influence from the love of mystery, inasmuch as the attraction is one which is felt by human nature generally, is nevertheless opposed to it by its national characteristics. In England, the few will as a rule follow mystery, the many will be drawn by publicity.

If the example of the Kaiserswerth Conference were followed, and the Church generally were made sharers in the progress of the Deaconess Institution, which we will suppose by means of branch societies to have ramifications throughout the country, it would seem that a deeper interest must be awakened

for it, that greater life and vigour must be imparted to it.

The German Conferences are held once in three years—as a rule at Kaiserswerth. The latter fact gives us another suggestion.

Societies, like individuals, imperatively require “a local habitation and a name;” without it they are not entities, but ideas, and no lasting enthusiasm—or, what is more important, no affection—can permanently be awakened in the human mind for that which is only abstract. This necessity of our nature has been evidenced in the great mystery which lies at the very foundation of Christianity.

The Deaconesses have a name; they have also a habitation, but is it one which is in the least likely to awaken in them a feeling of attachment? Will they naturally look upon 50 Burton Crescent as a Home? In age and sickness, in bereavement and depression, will they turn to it as their place of rest, of retirement from labour, of preparation for Heaven?

At Kaiserswerth, where the Deaconess system is most fully carried out, the permanent Sisters have their pleasant Mother-house by the banks of the broad Rhine, with the fresh pure air of heaven fanning them in their labours, and when any are sick and weary they retire to their beautiful “House of rest” at Salem, and find in the loveliness of nature the refreshment which their exhausted spirits need. They work, indeed, many of them, for a time in towns, in hot, stifling lanes, amidst wretched hovels; they confront vice and misery; they watch by sickness and by death,—but their home is elsewhere. In giving themselves to the office of Deaconess their offering is made advisedly with the full intention of enduring all the privation which it involves; but those who accept it feel themselves bound by all the laws of charity to bestow something in return. They give therefore provision for life, a permanent support which shall leave no room for anxiety whilst the power of work remains; and when at length God sees fit to put an end to

this, either by illness or age, they give a peaceful asylum, which is the fitting type of "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

No marvel that the German Deaconesses spread and multiply. The Institution offers a home as well as an employment, to those who are not only earnest in their piety, but lowly and poor, and who can thus be trained in it to services which make them a blessing to their fellow-creatures, whilst they secure to themselves a safe retreat when their work is over.

But if this necessity for an attractive home and a permanent provision for Deaconesses really exists, how is it to be provided for? The present staff of Sisters is for the most part occupied by work in London, a sphere too vast for a legion of labourers. It would be folly to remove them from the scene of their usefulness. A change—if change there must be—could only be wisely begun by planting a germ elsewhere which might hereafter grow to be the centre of the community, as Kaiserswerth is the centre of the German Deaconesses.

Would it not be possible to create such a germ by establishing a Convalescent Home on a small scale, to which the patients, nursed in the hospitals in London, might be from time to time removed—one or two Deaconesses having the charge of it? If this could be set on foot the Home might ultimately become also a place of refreshment to the Sisters who are weary with their London work, and require pure air and comparative quiet.

And this work being begun, is it Utopian to suggest that another might hereafter be added to it—a School and Home for Orphans of the professional and mercantile classes, where children

might receive a really good education, and be trained, if they show any vocation for the work, to be ultimately Deaconesses themselves, ready for employment in the Colonies or elsewhere, and thus filling up the great gap which is now so much lamented by all who are engaged in Missionary work?

A good school on a thoroughly religious basis would surely receive general support, and it would seem that something like direct training for Deaconess' work might be given by the very fact of having convalescent patients in the neighbourhood, who might in various small ways be waited upon, tended, and read to by the children who might show an inclination for such works of charity. For those who had no such vocation the education received should be such as would fit them for other and more secular employment.

Let a central Home for some such definite objects as have here been mentioned be established in a good situation, with a certain amount of natural beauty about it to render it attractive, and it would surely awaken interest, and give a better idea of the extent and object of the Deaconess Institution than can be afforded by the Society now settled in Burton Crescent. Possibly the great Missionary Societies might lend it their aid, as assisting to provide the female helpers so greatly needed in work amongst the heathen. Possibly those who are interested in woman's work generally might regard it as a fresh sphere of usefulness. Possibly—but there is no end to possibilities, and we must pause,—only, will those who may read this paper not look upon what has been suggested as impossible until it has been considered with care, and weighed without prejudice?

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

THE PLACE OF EXETER IN ENGLISH HISTORY.¹

THE thought sometimes comes into the mind of the English traveller in other lands that the cities of his own land must seem but of small account in the eyes of a traveller from the lands which he visits. I speak of course as an antiquary; I speak not of modern prosperity and modern splendour; I speak of the historical associations of past times and of the visible monuments which past times have left behind them. Our best ecclesiastical and our best military buildings, the minsters of Durham and Ely, the castles of Rochester and Caernarvon, are indeed unsurpassed by buildings of the same class in any other land. But buildings of this kind are few and far between; the English town, great or small, does not as a rule, make the same impression, as an artistic and antiquarian object, as a town of the same class in Italy, Germany, Burgundy, France, or Aquitaine. The ordinary English market-town has commonly little to show beyond its parish church. Its history, if it has any history, is simply that it has been, so to speak, the accidental site of some of the events of general English history, that it has been the scene of some battle or the birth-place of some great man. In many parts of the continent such a town would have its walls, its gates, its long lines of ancient houses; it would have too a history of its own, a history perhaps hardly known beyond its own borders, but still a history; some tale of its lords or of its burghers, of lords ruling over a miniature dominion, of burghers defending a miniature commonwealth, but still lords and burghers who have a history, no less than kingdoms and commonwealths on a greater scale. In towns of a higher class, the peers of our shire-towns and

cathedral cities, the palace of the prince, the council-house of the commonwealth, perhaps a long range of the dwellings of old patrician houses, speak of the greatness of a city which once held its rank among European capitals, as the dwelling-place of a prince or as a free city of the empire. I speak not of world-famous cities which have been the seats of Empires and mighty Kingdoms or of commonwealths which could bear themselves as the peers of Empires and Kingdoms. I speak not of Venice or Florence, of Trier or of Ravenna. I speak of cities of a class one degree lower. I speak of the last home of Carolingian kingship on the rock of Laon; I speak of the walls of successive ages, spreading each round another, like the circles of Ecbatana—the works of Gaul and Roman and Frank, of Counts and Bishops and citizens—gathering around the minster and the castles of Le Mans. I speak of the Bern of Theodoric by the Adige and of the Bern of Berchthold by the Aar. I speak of the council-houses of Lübeck and Ghent, of Padova and Piacenza, of the episcopal palace at Liège and the ducal palace at Dijon, of the castled steep which looks down on the church of Saint Elizabeth at Marburg, of the hill, with its many-towered church, its walls, its gateways, its rugged streets, which rises above the island home of Frederick at Gelnhausen. We have few such spots as these, spots so rich at once in history and in art. And yet we need not grieve that we are in this matter poorer than other nations. Whatever is taken away from the greatness of particular cities and districts is added to the general greatness of the whole kingdom. Why is the history of Nürnberg greater than the history of Exeter? Simply because the history of England is greater than the history of Germany. Why have not

¹ Read at the Exeter Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, July 30, 1873.

our cities such mighty senate-houses, such gorgeous palaces, as the seats of republican freedom or of princely rule among the Italian and the Teutonic cities? It is because England was one, while Italy and Germany and Gaul were still divided. Our cities lack the stately buildings, they lack the historic memories. But they lack them because England became an united nation too soon to allow of her nobles and prelates growing into sovereign princes, too soon to allow of the local freedom of her cities and boroughs growing into the absolute independence of sovereign commonwealths.

And if the cities of England are less rich in historic memories, less thickly set with historic buildings, than the cities of the continent, they must no less yield to them in mere antiquity. We have no cities like Massalia and Gades, which can trace up an unbroken being and an unbroken prosperity to the days of Greek and even of Phœnician colonization. It is only here and there that we can find a site which can even pretend to have lived on, like the ancient towns of Italy and Gaul and Spain, as a dwelling-place of man from the earliest recorded times, the home in turn of the Briton, the Roman, and the Englishman. Arretium, Tolosa, Remi, a crowd of others in the south-western lands, are cities which have lived on, with their own names or the names of their tribes. They are cities reared by the Etruscan, the Iberian, and the Celt to become possessions of Roman, Gothic, and Frankish masters. In our land Dr. Guest has shown that London itself has but feeble claims to an unbroken being from the days of the Briton. Even of the cities raised in Britain by the Roman, though many are still inhabited, though some have been constantly inhabited, yet many others, like Bath and Chester, rose up again after a season of desolation, while other sites, Anderida, Calleva, Uriconium, remain desolate to this day. All this is the natural result of the history of the country. Britain was the last of her great provinces to be won by Rome, she

was the first of her great provinces to fall away. The tie which binds the history of the Roman to the history of the conquered provincial on the one hand and of the Teutonic conqueror on the other is weaker here than in other lands. Nowhere else did the Roman find so little of native groundwork on which to build; nowhere else was his own work so utterly swept away. The grass which once grew over the temples and houses of Dea and Aquæ Solis, the grass which still grows over the temples and houses of Calleva and Anderida, is the best witness to the difference between the English Conquest of Britain and the Gothic, Burgundian, and Frankish conquests of other lands.

Yet the very fact that the cities of England must yield in antiquity, in artistic wealth, in historical associations, to the cities of other European lands, does not fail to give them a special interest of their own. The domestic history of an English town, which was always content to be a municipality, which never aspired to become an independent commonwealth, seems tame beside the long and stirring annals of the free cities of Italy and Germany. Yet, for that very reason, it has a special value of its own. Because the city has not striven after an independent being, it has done its work as a part of a greater whole. Because it has not aspired to be a sovereign commonwealth, it has played its part in building up a nation. And the comparison between the lowly English municipality and the proud Italian or German commonwealth has also an interest of another kind. The difference between the two is simply the difference implied in the absence of political independence in the one case and its presence in the other. The difference is purely external. The internal constitution, the internal history, sometimes the internal revolutions, often present the most striking analogies. In both we may often see the change from democracy to oligarchy and from oligarchy to democracy. In both we may see men who in old Greece would have taken their place as

demagogues, perhaps as tyrants. Here, as in other lands, the city has often had to strive for its rights against the neighbouring nobles. Exeter has something to tell of Earls and Countesses of Devon : Bristol has something to tell of its own half citizens, half tyrants, the Lords of Berkeley. We may see germs of a Federal system among the Five Danish Boroughs of Mercia, among the Cinque Ports of Kent and Sussex, and in the Hansa of the Burghs of Scotland. We may see germs too of the dominion of the city, ruling, like Sparta or Bern, over surrounding subject districts, so long as the county of Middlesex neither chooses her Sheriffs herself nor receives them from the central Government, but has to accept such Sheriffs as may be given her by the great neighbouring City. To that city which her inhabitants stand thus far in the relation which a Spartan knew as that of *περιούκοι* and a Berner as that of *Unterthanen*.

In the free cities of the continent in short we see what English cities might here grow into, if the royal power in England had been no stronger than that of the Emperors, and if England had therefore split up into separate states, like Germany, Italy, and Gaul. A city or borough, with its organized municipal constitution, could, if the central power were either gradually or suddenly removed, at once act as an independent commonwealth. It is plain that a county could not do so with anything like the same ease. It has been the constant tendency to unity in England, the tendency to subordinate every local power to the common King and the common Parliament, which has made the difference between a municipality like Exeter and a commonwealth like Florence. And here, in this city of Exeter, reflexions of this kind have a special fitness. No city of England has a history which comes so near to the history of the great continental cities. No city in England can boast of a longer unbroken existence ; none is so direct a link between the earliest and the latest days of the history of

our island. None has in all ages more steadily kept the character of a local capital, the undisputed head and centre of a great district. And none has come so near to being something more than a local capital. None has had so fair a chance as Exeter once had of becoming an independent commonwealth, the head of a Confederation of smaller boroughs, perhaps the mistress of dependent towns and subject districts, ruling over her *περιούκοι* or *Unterthanen* as Florence ruled over Pisa, as Bern ruled over Lausanne.

I think then that it is not with mere words of course that I may congratulate the members of this Institute on finding themselves at last within the walls—here it is no figure of speech to say within the walls—of the great city of Western England. For years we have been, like Swegen or William himself, knocking at the gates. At least we have stood outside, and we would have knocked at the gates, if any gates had been left for us to knock at. What has so long kept us out I know not ; that is a question too deep for human powers to solve. One thing at least we know, that we have not, like Swegen or William, had to stand outside because the citizens of Exeter were not willing to receive us within. We have, wherefore no man knoweth, dealt with the Damnonian Isca as the last among the great cities of England, but it has assuredly not been because it is the least. We have seen York and Lincoln and Chester ; and, if Exeter must yield to York and Lincoln and Chester in wealth of actually surviving monuments, it assuredly does not yield to any of them in the historic interest of its long annals. It has in truth a peculiar interest of its own, in which it stands alone among the cities of England. Exeter is among cities what Glastonbury is among churches. It is one of the few ties which directly bind the Englishman to the Roman and the Briton. It is the great trophy of that stage of English conquest, when our forefathers, weaned from the fierce creed of Woden and Thunder, deemed it enough to conquer and no longer sought to destroy.

The first glimpse of the city shows the traveller that it is one of a class which is common on the continent but rare in England, and which among West-Saxon cities is absolutely unique. From Winchester onwards—we may say from Dorchester, for the forsaken sites must not be forgotten in the reckoning—the seats of the West-Saxon Bishoprics, as a rule, lie low. Take the most familiar test; besides Exeter, Sherborne is the only one to which the traveller on the railway at all looks up, and to Sherborne he looks up far less than he looks up to Exeter. From Sherborne indeed the Lotharingian Hermann took a high flight to the waterless hill of the elder Salisbury; but Richard Poore redressed the balance by bringing church and city down into the plain of Merefield. Dorchester looks up at the camp on Sino-dun; Winchester looks up at the place of martyrdom on St. Giles's hill. Wells crouches at the foot of Mendip; Glastonbury, on her sacred island, crouches at the foot of the Archangel's Tor. Bath has in modern times climbed to a height like that of Lincoln or Durham, but the site of her minster shows how the true Bath, the *Aquæ Solis* that Ceawlin conquered, the Old Borough where Eadgar wore his crown, was built, as the Jew says in Richard of the Devizes, "*ad portas inferi*." But Exeter at the first glance tells us another tale. The city indeed looks up at heights loftier than itself, but the city itself sits on a height rising far above railway or river. Exeter, Isca, *Caer Wisc*, is in short a city of the same class as Bourges and Chartres, as communal *Le Mans* and kingly *Laon*, as *Lausanne* and Geneva by their Lake, as *Chur* and *Sitten* in their Alpine valleys. We have here, what we find so commonly in Gaul, so rarely in Britain, the Celtic hill-fort, which has grown into the Roman city, which has lived on through the Teutonic conquest, and which still, after all changes, keeps its place as the undoubted head of its own district. In Wessex such a history is unique; in all southern England London is the only parallel, and that but an imperfect one. The

name carries on the same lesson which is taught us by the site. *Caer Wisc* has never lost its name. It has been Latinized into *Isca*, it has been Teutonized into *Exanceaster* and cut short into modern Exeter, but the city by the Exe has, through all conquests, through all changes of language, proclaimed itself by its name as the city by the Exe. In this respect, the continuity of its being has been more perfect than that of most of the cities of northern Gaul. At Rheims, Paris, Bourges, a crowd of others, the name of the tribe has supplanted the true name of the city; but *Isca*, like the cities of the south, like *Burdigala* and *Massalia*, has never exchanged its own name for the name of the *Damnonian* people. The name and the site of Exeter at once distinguish it from most of the ordinary classes of English towns. They distinguish it from Teutonic marks which have grown into modern towns, and which, like Reading and Basingstoke, still keep the clan names of the *Rædingas* and *Basingas*: they distinguish it no less from Roman towns like Bath and Chester, which rose again after a season of desolation—from towns like Wells and Peterborough, which grew up under the shadow of some great minster—from fortresses or havens, like Taunton or Kingston-on-Hull, which sprang into life at the personal bidding of some far-sighted king—from towns like Durham and New Salisbury, where church and city arose together as some wise Bishops sought, on the peninsular hill or on the open meadow, a home more safe either from foreign invaders or from unkindly neighbours. Exeter is none of these; like Lincoln it stands on a site which Briton, Roman, and Englishman have alike made their own; like Lincoln it is a city set on an hill, it has a temple built on high; on the whole, Lincoln is its nearest parallel among the cities of England; in some points the histories of the two present a striking likeness; in others they present differences not less instructive than their likenesses.

Exeter then, as a hill-fort city, has,

more than almost any other city of England, a close analogy with the ancient cities of Gaul. But there is another point in which the history of Exeter altogether differs from theirs. The Gaulish city has almost always been the seat of a bishoprick from the days of the first establishment of Christianity. The Cathedral Church and the Episcopal Palace stand, and always have stood, side by side, on the highest point of the hill on which the city stands. The city is indeed older than the Bishoprick, because it is older than Christianity itself. But the bishoprick is something which was firmly established during the days of Roman dominion, something which, as far as the Teutonic conquerors were concerned, might be looked on as an inherent and immemorial part of the city. There had been a time when Bourges and Chartres and Paris had not been seats of bishopricks; but it was only as seats of bishopricks that their Frankish conquerors knew them. The Roman Bishoprick, like so many other things that were Roman, lived on through the Teutonic conquest, and, except in the case of very modern unions and suppressions, it has lived on till our own day. In England, on the other hand, besides the union of some bishopricks and the division of others, there has been a wandering to and fro of the immediate seats of episcopal rule to which there has been no parallel in Gaul. In Gaul, not above two or three bishopricks have been moved—as distinguished from being united or divided—from their original seats; in England it is rather the rule than the exception that a bishoprick should have changed its place once or twice since its foundation. The causes of these differences go very deep into the history of the two countries; I have spoken of them elsewhere, and I shall not enlarge upon them now. It is enough to say that the character of the English Conquest, as a heathen conquest, hindered any place within the proper England from being the unbroken seat of any Roman and Christian institution. Add too that in Britain, neither Celts nor Teutons, unused as both of them

were to the fully-developed city-life of the South, ever strictly followed the rule which was universal in Italy, Spain, and Gaul, of placing the seat of the Bishop in the chief town of his diocese. Hence, while on the Continent, the city and its bishoprick are both, from a Teutonic point of view, immemorial,—that is to say, both existed before and lived through the Teutonic conquest—in not a few English cities the Bishoprick is a comparatively modern institution. The Bishop has not been there from the beginning; he has been placed there by the Confessor or by the Conqueror, by Henry the First or by Henry the Eighth, or by virtue of an Act of Parliament which many of us are old enough to remember. So it is conspicuously at Exeter. The hill-fort has grown into the city; the city has lived through all later conquests; but the Bishoprick is something which, in the long history of such a city, may almost seem a creation of yesterday. Bishops of Exeter have played an important part both in local and in general history; but the City of Exeter had begun to play an important part in the history of Britain ages before Bishops of Exeter were heard of. The episcopal church now indeed stands out only less conspicuously than Bourges or Geneva, as the roof and crown of the whole city; but for ages its predominance in the landscape must have been disputed by the castle on the Red Mount, and Isca had lived and flourished for a thousand years before its height was crowned with a stone of either minster or castle. Let us compare Exeter for one moment with two continental cities in which the points both of likeness and of unlikeness seem to reach their highest degree. As Exeter stands upon its hill, but is still surrounded by loftier hills that look down upon it, so the loftier heights of Chur and Sitten are looked down upon by the snowy peaks of the Pennine and Raetian Alps. Vast as is the difference of scale, there is a real likeness of position as compared with the isolated hill of Chartres, rising in the midst of its vast cornland. Like the Damnonian Isca, Sedu-

num and Curia Rætorum are cities which have lived on from Roman to modern times. But in them, not only the city but the bishoprick also, has lived on through all changes. And, following the common law of the bishopricks within the Empire, the Bishops of those cities grew to a height of temporal power to which no Prelate, not the Palatine of Durham himself, ever reached in England, and which the Bishops of Exeter were among those who were furthest from reaching. At Chur the church and palace of the Bishop, with its surrounding quarter, grew into a fortified Akropolis, where the Bishop still reigned as prince, even when the lower city had become independent of his rule. At Sitten church and castle stand perched on the twin peaks of Valeria and Tourbillon. But the castle was the fortress, not of King or Duke, but of the Prelate himself. In some English bishopricks too the Bishop was, if not prince, at least temporal lord. At Wells, for instance, the city simply arose outside the close, and its municipal franchises were the grant of its episcopal lords. At Exeter, where the Bishop came as something new into a city which had stood for ages, it was as much as he could do if he could maintain the exemption of his own immediate precinct, at all events when the civic sword was wielded by a Mayor of the ready wit and the stubborn vigour of John Shillingford.

It is not however my business to dwell at any detail on either the ecclesiastical or municipal history of the city. I had hoped that those two aspects of its history might have been dealt with in full at this meeting by the two men who are the fittest in all England severally to deal with them. Such however is not to be our good luck, and it is not for me to try to supply their places. My business is with the city in its more general aspect. I have pointed out two of the characteristic features of its history, how it is rather continental than English in its position as a hill-fort city living out from Roman and British times, while

it is specially English in the modern date of the foundation of its Bishoprick. The first question which now suggests itself is one which I cannot answer. When did the city first become a West-Saxon possession? When did the British *Caer-Wisc*, the Roman *Isca*, pass into the English *Exanceaster*? Of that event I can find no date, no trustworthy mention. The first distinct and undoubted mention of the city that I can find is in the days of Ælfred, where, as every reader of the *Chronicles* knows, it figures as an English fortress, and a fortress of great importance, more than once taken and retaken by the great King and his Danish enemies. I am as little able to fix the date of the English conquest of *Isca*, as I am to fix the date of its original foundation by the Briton. John Shillingford tells us that Exeter was a walled city before the Incarnation of Christ, and, though it is not likely to have been a walled city in any sense that would satisfy either modern or Roman engineers, it is likely enough to have been already a fortified post before Cæsar landed in Britain. Nor can I presume to determine whether *Isca* ever bore the name of *Penholt-keyre*, a name suggestive of that neighbouring height of *Penhow*, of which I shall have again to speak. Nor can I say what was the exact nature of *Vespasian's* dealings with the city at the time when they are connected in some mysterious way with the selling of thirty Jews—some say only their heads—for a penny. In an later age, another civic worthy, the famous John Hooker, tells us that *Vespasian*, when Duke under the Emperor *Claudius*, besieged the city by order of his master, but was driven away, like some later besiegers, by the valour of the citizens, and betook himself to *Jerusalem* as an easier conquest. These questions are beyond me; but the identity of the British *Caer-wisc*, the Roman *Isca*, the English *Exanceaster*, is witnessed by a crowd of authorities. Still I know of no evidence to fix the point at which *Isca* became *Exanceaster*, any more than to

fix the point when Isca came into being. As the story of Saint Boniface runs, we are told that he was born at Crediton, and brought up at Exeter. For his birth at Crediton I know of no ancient authority whatever. His education at Exeter rests on the reading of a passage in his biographer Willibald, where a name, which we should certainly understand to be Exeter if there were no reason to the contrary, is written in so many ways in different manuscripts as to make the case somewhat less strong when there are probabilities the other way to be set against it. I cannot myself bring the West-Saxon conquerors even to the borders of Somerset at any time earlier than the days of Ine, when the powerful King Gerent reigned over Damnonia, and when Taunton was a border fortress of the Englishman against the Briton. The point is one which I argued more fully last year before the local Archaeological Society of my own county, whether this doubtful reading of Willibald is enough to outbalance the general consent of our evidence as to the progress of English conquest westward—whether it is by itself enough to make us believe that, somewhere before the end of the seventh century, Isca was already an English town, where an English-born youth could receive his education in an English monastery. I should myself be inclined to hold that the balance of probability lies the other way, and that Isca and the rest of Damnonia must have been conquered at some time between the days of Ine and the days of Egberht. It is certain that under Æthelwulf Devonshire was English, and that the men of Devonshire, as West-Saxon subjects, fought valiantly and successfully against the Danish invader. This is the first distinct mention I can find of the district as an English possession, while the first distinct mention of the city, as I have already said, comes later in the same century, in the wars of Ælfred. But though it was English by allegiance, it was not till two generations later that the city became wholly English in blood

and speech. In Æthelstan's day the city was still partly Welsh, partly English. We can, if we please, according to many analogies elsewhere, conceive the two rival nations dwelling side by side within the same enclosure, but separated again by enclosures of their own, Britons and Englishmen each forming a city within a city. To this state of things the Lord of all Britain, the conqueror of Scot and Northman, the lawgiver of England, deemed it time to put a stop, and to place the supremacy of the conquering nation in the chief city of the western peninsula beyond all doubt. Hitherto we may be sure that the English burghers had formed a ruling class, a civic patriciate. Now, strengthened doubtless by fresh English colonists, they were to become the sole possessors of the city. Exeter was a post which needed to be strongly fortified, and for its fortification to be put in no hands but such as were thoroughly trustworthy. The British inhabitants were driven out, and, to the confusion of those who tell us that Englishmen could not put stones and mortar together till a hundred and forty years later, the city was encircled by a wall of square stones, and strengthened by towers, marking a fourth stage in the history of English fortification. Ida first defended Bamberough with a hedge or palisade; a later Northumbrian ruler strengthened it with a wall or dyke of earth. Eadward the Elder surrounded Towcester with a wall of stone; Æthelstan surrounded Exeter with a wall of squared stones. This is not theory, but history. If anyone asks me where the wall of Æthelstan is now, I can only say that a later visitor to Exeter took care that there should not be much of it left for us to see. Yet there are some small fragments, huge stones put together in clear imitation of the Roman nature of building, which may well enough be remains of the great wall of Æthelstan. But suppose that not a stone is left, suppose that Swegen left no trace of what Æthelstan reared, still as I understand evidence, the fact that a thing is recorded to have been de-

stroyed is one of the best proofs that it once existed.

Now the distinguishing point in this stage of the history of Exeter is this, that it, alone of the great cities of Britain, did not fall into the hands of the English invaders till after the horrors of conquest had been softened by the influence of Christianity. Whatever was the exact date of the conquest of Devonshire, it was certainly after Birinus had preached the faith to that most heathen nation of the Gewissas, after Cynegils and Cwichelm had plunged beneath the waters of baptism, and had built the minster of Dorchester and the Old Minster of Winchester. When Caer Wise became an English possession, there was no fear that any West-Saxon prince should deal with it as Æthelfrith had dealt by Deva, as Ceawlin had dealt by Uriconium and Aquæ Solis, as Ælle and Cissa had dealt by Anderida. The Norman came to Exeter as he came to Pevensy, but he did not find the walls of Isca, like the walls of Anderida, standing without a dwelling-place of man within them. They did not stand, like the walls of Deva, again to become a city and a fortress after a desolation of three hundred years. When Isca was taken, the West-Saxons, as I before said, had ceased to be destroyers and deemed it enough to be conquerors. Thus it was that Exeter stands alone, as the one great English city which has lived an unbroken life from præ-English and even from præ-Roman days. Whatever was the exact date at which the city first became an English possession, it was with the driving 'out of the Welsh inhabitants under Æthelstan that it first became a purely English city. As such it fills, during the whole of the tenth and eleventh centuries, a prominent place among the cities of England, and a place altogether without a rival among the cities of its own part of England. The complete naturalization of the British city by the expulsion of its British citizens was accompanied by a meeting of the Witan of the whole realm within the newly-raised walls, and at

that meeting one of the collections of laws which bear the name of Æthelstan was put forth. Later in the century we find the fortress by the Exe the chief bulwark of Western England during the renewed Danish invasions of the reign of Æthelred. It is a spirit-stirring tale to read in our national chronicles how the second millenium of the Christian æra is ushered in by the record which tells us how the heathen host sailed up the Exe and strove to break down the wall which guarded the city—how the wall of Æthelstan defended by the valiant burghers bore up against every onslaught—"how fastly the invaders were fighting, and how fastly and hardly the citizens withstood them." It was no fault of those valiant citizens that, as ever in that wretched reign, the valiant resistance of one town or district only led to the further desolation of another. Exeter was saved, but the Unready King had no help, no reward, for the men who saved it; the local force of Devonshire and Somerset had to strive how they could against the full might of the invader; and the overthrow of Penhow and the wasting of the land around followed at once upon the successful defence of the city. The very next year Exeter became part of the morning-gift of the Norman Lady, and for the first time—a foretaste of what was to come before the century was out—a man of foreign blood, Hugh the French churl, as our chroniclers call him, was set by his foreign mistress to command in an English city. With no traitor, with no stranger, within their walls, the men of Exeter had beaten off all the attacks of the barbarians; but now we read how, through the cowardice or treason of its foreign chief, Swegen was able to break down and spoil the city, and how the wall of Æthelstan was battered down from the east gate to the west. I do not pretend to rule whether this means the utter destruction of the wall or only the destruction of two sides of it; but it is certain that sixty years later, when Exeter had to strive, not against Norman traitors within but against Norman

enemies without, the city was again strongly fortified according to the best military art of the times. It may be noticed that, in the description of Swegen's taking of Exeter, though we read of plundering and of breaking down the walls, we do not, as we commonly do when a town is taken, hear of burning. As a rule, houses in those days were of wood; and it is sometimes amazing how, when a town has been burned, we find it spring up again a year or two later, sometimes only to be burned again. Whether in a city which was so early fortified with towers and walls of squared stones, other buildings too may not have been built of stone earlier than was usual in other places, I leave to local inquirers to settle.

After the capture by Swegen, we hear nothing more of the city itself during the rest of the Danish wars. Doubtless it submitted, along with the rest of western England, when Æthelmaer the Ealdorman of the Defnsetas and all the Thegns of the west, acknowledged Swegen as King at Bath. In the war of Cnut and Eadmund the men of Devonshire fought on the side of England at Sherstone, but we hear nothing specially of the city. Our only knowledge of Exeter between the Danish and the Roman invasions consists of the fact of the foundation of the Bishoprick, and of the further fact that the city which had been part of the morning-gift of Emma became also part of the morning-gift of her successor Eadgyth. The two facts are connected. The special relation of the Lady to the city accounts for the peculiar ceremony which, though the charter in which it is recorded is marked by Mr. Kemble as doubtful, can hardly be mere matter of invention. In that charter we are told that Leofric, the first Bishop of the new see, was led to his episcopal throne by the King and the Lady, the King on his right side and the Lady on his left, each of them taking him, if the words of the document are to be followed literally, not so much hand-in-hand as arm-in-arm. Here, as everywhere else in these times, in every expression and in every cere-

mony, the strong *Regale*, the undoubted ecclesiastical supremacy of the King and his Witan, or to speak more truly, the identity of the nation and the national Church, comes out plainly. The Bishop is not only placed in his Bishoprick by the King, but the Lady, as the immediate superior of the city, has her part in the ceremony. Exeter now became a city in the ecclesiastical as well as in the civil sense. And the change is one which is worthy of notice on many grounds. The foundation of the Bishoprick of Exeter was accompanied by several circumstances which mark it as an event belonging to an age of transition. It was among the last instances of one set of tendencies, among the earliest instances of another. The reign of Edward the Confessor is the last time in English history, unless we are to except the reign of Edward the Sixth, when two English bishopricks were joined together, without a new one being founded to keep up the number. Such an union had happened more than once in earlier times; it happened twice under Edward, when the Bishopricks of Devonshire and Cornwall were united under Leofric, and when the Bishopricks of Dorset and Wiltshire were united under Hermann. But this translation is also the first instance of a movement which, like so many other movements, began under the Normannizing Eadward and went on under his Norman successors, a movement for bringing into England the continental rule that the Bishoprick should be placed in the greatest city of the diocese. The translation of the see of Saint Cuthberht to Durham was not a case in point; Ealdhun sought a place of safety, and chose one so wisely that a city presently grew up around his church. But the translation of the West-Welsh Bishoprick from Bodmin and Crediton to Exeter was the beginning of a system which was further carried on when the great Mid-English Bishoprick was moved from Dorchester to Lincoln, and when the East-Anglian Bishoprick was moved from Elmham, first to Thetford and then to Norwich. Again, the first Bishop himself repre-

sents in his own person more than one of the tendencies of the age. He represents the dominion of the Englishman over the Briton; he represents the close connexion of the Englishman of that generation with his Teutonic kinsmen beyond the sea. Leofric, a native of his own diocese, is described as a Briton, that is, I conceive, a native of Cornwall. But, like the great mass of the landowners of Cornwall in his day, he bears a purely English name. Either he was the descendant of English settlers in the British land, or else he was the descendant of Britons who had so far gone over to English ways as to take to English proper names, just as the English a generation or two later took to Norman proper names. In either way, he represents the process through which the list which Domesday gives us of the landowners of his diocese in the days of King Eadward reads only one degree less English than the list of the landowners of Kent and Sussex. But Leofric, whether English or British by blood, was neither English nor British by education. His bringing up was Lotharingian, and he was the first prelate of his age to bring the Lotharingian discipline into England. He thus represents the high position which was held at the time, as seminaries of ecclesiastical learning and discipline, by the secular churches of Germany, by those especially of that corner of the Teutonic kingdom which might be looked on as the border-land of Germany, Gaul, and Britain, and which drew scholars from all those countries alike. Leofric represents further that close connexion, especially in ecclesiastical matters, between England and the Teutonic mainland which began under Æthelstan and Eadgar, which went on under Cnut, and which reached its height when Godwine and Harold found it an useful counterpoise to the Norman and French tendencies of King Eadward. Leofric again, in the constitution which he brought into his church, the stricter discipline of Chrodegang, marks the beginning of a tendency which was afterwards carried on by Gisa at Wells, and for a moment

by Thomas at York, but which presently gave way to the system which Remigius brought from Rouen to Lincoln, and which, in theory at least, still remains the constitution of the old-foundation churches of England. Leofric survived the Norman invasion; he survived the great siege of Exeter, in which his name is not mentioned. Insular by birth, but continental in feeling, he was succeeded by almost the only one among the Norman settlers in England who became an Englishman at heart. Osbern, a son of the famous Gilbert of Brionne, a brother of the fierce Earl of Hereford, came to England, like so many of his countrymen, to seek his fortune at the court of King Eadward. Of him alone among the foreign prelates of that day we read that in his manner of life he followed the customs of England, and had no love for the pomp of Normandy. Of his English tastes we have still a negative witness among us. Through his episcopate, down to the fourth year of Henry the First, the church in which Englishmen had been content to worship still stood. The oldest parts of the present church of Exeter date only from the time of his successor.

The great ecclesiastical change of the eleventh century has carried us on, in point of date, beyond the great time which stands out above all others in the history of Exeter, the time when we may say that for eighteen days Exeter was England. The tale of the great siege I have told elsewhere in as full detail as existing records gave me the means of telling it, and I will not tell it in the same detail again. But the story of the resistance of the western lands and their capital to the full power of the Conqueror is one which ought never to pass away from the memories of Englishmen. The city, with its walls and towers again made ready for defence—the mother and the sons of Harold within its walls—the march of the conqueror to the Eastern gate—the faint-heartedness of the leaders—the strong heart of the commons, who endured to see their hostage blinded before their eyes—the resistance as stubborn

against William as it had been against Swegen—the breach of the walls by arts which to the simpler generalship of Swegen were unknown—the escape of Gytha and her companions by the water-gate—the bloodless entry of the Conqueror—the foundation of the castle to curb the stout-hearted city—the raising of its tribute to lessen the wealth which had enabled it to resist—all form a tale than which, even in that stirring time, none, save the tale of the great battle itself, speaks more home to the hearts of all who love to bear in mind how long and hard a work it was to make England yield to her foreign master. Our hearts beat with those of the defenders of Exeter; we mourn as the mother of the last English King flees from the last English city which maintained the cause of the house of Godwine. But we see none the less that it was for the good of England that Exeter should fall. A question was there decided, greater than the question whether England should be ruled by Harold, Eadgar, or William, the question whether England should be one. When Exeter stood forth for one moment to claim the rank of a free Imperial city, the chief of a confederation of the lesser towns of the West—when she, or at least her rulers, professed themselves willing to receive William as an external lord, to pay him the tribute which had been paid to the old Kings, but refused to admit him within her walls as her immediate sovereign—we see that the tendency was at work in England by which the kingdoms of the Empire were split up into loose collections of independent cities and principalities. We see that the path was opening by which Exeter might have come to be another Lübeck, the head of a Damnonian Hansa, another Bern, the mistress of the subject lands of the western peninsula. Such a dream sounds wild in our ears, and we may be sure that no such ideas were present in any such definite shape to the minds of the defenders of Exeter. But any such conscious designs were probably just as little present to the minds of those who, in any German

or Italian city, took the first steps in the course by which, from a municipality or less than a municipality, the city grew into a sovereign commonwealth. Historically that separate defence of the western lands which ended in a separate defence of Exeter is simply a case of the way in which, after Harold was gone, England was conquered bit by bit. York never dreamed of helping Exeter, and Exeter, if it had the wish, had not the power to help York. But it is none the less true that, when we see a confederation of western towns with the great city of the district at their head, suddenly starting into life, to check the progress of the Conqueror, we see that a spirit had been kindled, which, had it not been checked at once, might have grown into something of which those who manned the walls of Exeter assuredly never thought. We cannot mourn that such a tendency was stopped, even by the arm of a foreign conqueror. We cannot mourn that the greatness of Exeter was not purchased at the cost of the greatness of England. But it is worth while to stop and think how near England once was to running the same course as other lands, how easily the Earls of Chester and Shrewsbury might have grown into sovereign princes, Margraves of their border principalities—how easily the Palatine Bishops of Durham might have grown into spiritual princes, like their brethren of Speier and Bamberg—how easily Exeter and Lincoln might have taken their places as the heads of confederations of free cities in the *Wealth-cyn* and among the Five Danish boroughs. From such a fate as this, from the sacrifice of the general welfare of the whole, to the greater brilliance of particular members of the whole, we have been saved by a variety of causes, and not the least of them, by the personal character of a series of great Kings, working in the cause of national unity, from West-Saxon Egberht to Norman William. The tendency of the patriotic movements in William's reign was a tendency to division. The tendency of William's own

rule was a tendency to union. The aims of the Exeter patricians could not have been long reconciled with the aims of the sons of Harold, nor could the aims of either have been reconciled for a moment with the aims of the partizans of the Ætheling Eadgar, of the sons of Ælfgar, or of the Danish Swegen. We sympathize with the defenders of Exeter, of York and Ely and Durham, but we feel that, from the moment when England lost the one man among her own sons who was fit to guide her, her best fate in the long run was to pass as an undivided kingdom into the hands of his victorious rival.

With the submission of Exeter to William, we might fairly end our tale of the place of Exeter in English history. It was now ruled for ever that the city by the Exe was to be an English city. It was to be no separate commonwealth, but a member of the undivided English kingdom, yet still a city that was to remain the undisputed head of its own district. Its history from this time, as far as I am concerned with it, is less the history of Exeter than the history of those events in English history which took place at Exeter. It still has its municipal, its ecclesiastical, its commercial history; it still had to strive for its rights against Earls and Countesses and Bishops; it still, in later days, could bear its share in the great sea-faring enterprises of commerce and discovery. But from the entry of William, Exeter has no longer a separate political being of its own. It is no longer an object to be striven for by men of contending nations. It is no longer something which might conceivably be cut off from the English realm, either by the success of a foreign conqueror or by the independence of its own citizens. In the other sense of the words, as pointing out those events of English history of which Exeter was the scene, the place of Exeter in English history is one which yields to that of no city in the land save London itself. It was with a true instinct that the two men who open the two great æras in local history, English

Æthelstan and Norman William, both gave such special heed to the military defences of the city. No city in England has stood more sieges. It stood one, perhaps two more, before William's own reign was ended, indeed before William had brought the Conquest of the whole land to an end by the taking of Chester. The men of Exeter had withstood William as long as he came before them as a foreign invader; when his power was once fully established, when the Castle on the Red Mount, reared by the stranger on the earth-works of earlier days, held down the city in fetters, they seem to have had no mood to join in hopeless insurrections against him. When, a year and a half after the great siege, the Castle was again besieged by the West-Saxon insurgents, the citizens seem to have joined the Norman garrison in resisting their attacks. According to one account, they had already done the like to the sons of Harold and their Irish auxiliaries. The wars of Stephen's reign did not pass without a siege of Exeter, in which King and citizens joined to besiege the rebellious Lord of Rougemont, and at last to starve him out within the towers which legend was already beginning to speak of as the work of the Caesars. I pass on to later times; the Tudor æra saw two sieges of the city, one at the hands of a pretender to the Crown, another at the hands of the religious insurgents of the further West. Twice again in the wars of the next century do we find Exeter passing from one side to the other by dint of siege, and at last we see her receiving an invader at whose coming no siege was needed. The entry of William the Deliverer through the Western Gate forms the balance, the contrast, and yet in some sort the counterpart, to the entry of William the Conqueror through the Eastern Gate. The city had resisted to the utmost, when a foreign invader, under the guise of an English King, came to demand her obedience. But no eighteen days' siege, no blinded hostage, no undermined ramparts, were needed

when a kinsman and a deliverer came under the guise of a foreign invader. In the army of William of Normandy Englishmen were pressed to complete the Conquest of England; in the army of William of Orange strangers came to awake her sons to begin the work of her deliverance. In the person of the earlier William the Crown of England passed away for the first time to a King wholly alien in speech and feeling; in the later William it in truth came back to one who was, even in mere descent, and yet more fully in his native land and native speech, nearer than all that came between them to the old stock of Hengest and Cerdic. The one was the first King who reigned over England purely by the edge of the sword; the other was the last King who reigned over England purely by the choice of the nation. The coming of each of the men who entered Exeter in such opposite characters marks an era in our history. And yet the work of the two was not wholly alien to each other. The later William came to undo the work of the earlier, so far as it was evil, to confirm it so far as it was good. With the one began the period of foreign domination which seemed to sweep away our ancient tongue and our ancient law. With the other began that period of internal progress, every step of which has been in truth a return to the old laws of England before the Norman set foot upon her shores. And yet, after all, William the Conqueror did but preserve what William the Deliverer came to restore. His Conquest ruled for ever that England should remain an undivided Kingdom, and, in so ruling, it ruled that the old laws and freedom, trampled on indeed but never trampled out, should live on to spring up again in newer forms. When the one William renewed the Laws of Eadward, it was but a link

in the same chain as when the other William gave his assent to the Bill of Rights. In the one case the invader came to conquer, in the other he came to deliver; but in both cases alike the effect of his coming was to preserve and not to destroy; the Conqueror and the Deliverer alike has had his share in working out the continuous being of English law and of English national life. The unwilling greeting which Exeter gave to the one William, the willing greeting which she gave to the other, marked the wide difference in the external aspect of the two revolutions. And yet both revolutions have worked for the same end; the great actors in both were, however unwittingly, fellow-workers in the same cause. And it is no small place in English history which belongs to the city whose name stands out in so marked a way in the tale alike of the revolution of the eleventh century and of the revolution of the seventeenth. It is no small matter, as we draw near by the western bridge or by the eastern isthmus, as we pass where once stood the Eastern and the Western Gate, as we tread the line of the ancient streets, to think that we are following the march of the Conqueror or of the Deliverer. It is no small matter, as we enter the minster of Leofric and Warelwast and Grandison, to think that on that spot *Te Deum* was sung alike for the overthrow of English freedom and for its recovery. It is no mean lesson if we learn to connect with the remembrance of this ancient city, among so many associations of British, Roman, and English days, two thoughts which rise above all the rest, the thought that there is no city in the land whose name marks a greater stage in the history of the Conquest of England, that there is none whose name marks a greater stage in the history of her deliverance.

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